

THE LITERARY UNION.

W. W. NEWMAN, }
Proprietor.

Independent in Everything.

{ J. M. WINCHELL, }
{ JAMES JOHONNOT, } Editors.

VOL. I.—No. 3.

SYRACUSE, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

\$2 PER ANNUM.

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Poetry.

SONNET.

THERE is a nobler strife than clashing spears;
A nobler peril than the battle-field;
'Tis when, with "trust in God," worn as a
shield,
Midst universal hisses, scoffs, and jeers,
The man of truth, with brow serene, appears,
And stands forth singly for the right, ap-
pealed
To the Eternal Umpire; nor will yield
One backward step, from policy or fears.
The savage—bandit—nay, the brute—is
steeled
Gainst bristling danger; e'en the worm uprears
Beneath the foot, his tiny sting, to crave
A venomed vengeance: but immortal years
Are full of glory for the Christ-like brave,
Who dare to suffer wrong that they from wrong
may save.

COMMON SENSE.

SHE came among the gathering crowd,
A maiden fair, without pretence;
And when they asked her humble name,
She whispered mildly, "Common Sense."

Her modest garb drew every eye,
Her ample cloak and shoes of leather—
And when they sneered, she simply said,
"I dress according to the weather."

They argued long, and reasoned loud,
In dubious Hindoo phrase mysterious,
While she, poor child, could not divine
Why girls so young should be so serious.

They knew the length of Plato's beard,
And how the scholars wrote in Saturn;
She studied authors not so deep,
And took the Bible for her pattern.

And so she said, "Excuse me, friends,
I find all have their proper places,
And Common Sense should stay at home
With cheerful hearts and smiling faces."

THE FIRST KISS.

BY MISS M. J. E. KNOX.

"NAY, ask me not—how could I bring
My lips to rest on manhood's brow?
A maiden may not lightly fling
Her timid nature off—and thou,
Caressed as thou are wont to be,
What were a kiss of mine to thee?"

"And thou wouldst think that I had pressed
Another cheek as soon as thine,
Should I allow my lips to rest
(Even lightly as on hallowed shrine
The trembling lips of devotee.)
On thine, as pledge of love to thee."

But then some words of gentle sound
Were whispered to the maiden's heart;
She could not bear his love to wound—
The hour had come when they must part;
And she was young, and fond and true;
What could the gentle maiden do?

The spell is broken—she has laid
Her trembling lips against his cheek;
On hers there is a deeper shade
Of crimson, but she does not speak;
Her voice is hushed—her voice is still—
'Tis given, half without her will!

MACAULAY, ON MILTON.—This is what the
great historian says of the blind poet:—"A
mightier poet, tried at once by pain, danger,
poverty, obloquy, and blindness, meditated,
undisturbed by the obscene tumult which rag-
ed all around him, a song so sublime and so
holy that it would not have misbecome the
lips of those ethereal virtues whom he saw,
with that inner eye which no calamity could
darken, flinging down on a jasper pavement
their crowns of amaranth and gold."

AN ILLUSTRATION.—There was once a con-
verted Indian, who, being asked if he believed
in the Trinity, said he did. He was then asked
his reason. He said he would answer in his
Indian way:

"We go down to the river in winter, and
see it covered with snow; we dig through the
snow, and we come to the ice; we chop thro'
the ice, and we come to the water; snow is
water, ice is water, and water is water," said
he; "therefore the three are one."

MARRIAGE is a date prior to sin itself—
the only relic of a paradise that is left us—one
smile that God let fall on the earth's innocence,
lingering and playing still upon its sacred via-
ge. The first marriage was celebrated be-
fore God himself, who filled, in his own
person, the office of guest, witness, and
priest.

Original.

THE PRESIDENT STORIES;

OR

SEVEN NIGHTS AT WELCH'S.

BY CHARLES ACTON.

THE WEIRD OF PASSION.

CONCLUDED.

SUCCESSING days saw me at my labor, and
silent as ever; for I had now ample themes
for self-communion. But my twilight prom-
enades on the terrace, were discontinued for
the society of one whom I could but love,
despite the intensity with which I had brood-
ed over my scheme of revenge. At first, I
was received with a forced coldness, which,
under other circumstances, would have effect-
ually terminated my visits. But as time wore
on, even this yielded to the frankness of a
nature most kind and true, despite the blight-
ing prejudices of an aristocratic culture.—
There had seemed, from the first instant, to
be a spontaneous sympathy between us,
which longer acquaintance could scarcely im-
prove; and as she saw me more and more of-
ten, she gave way to the confidence which her
heart struggled to bestow, and admitted me
formally to that purest of earthly communion
—the unselfish friendship of a high souled
woman.

In doing this, she might have been wilfully
blind to the consequences of such an ac-
quaintance, where Love had so evidently set
his mark on its front. But she trusted, doubt-
less, in the strength of her own will, and the
habitude of education, which would forbid the
bestowal of herself on one not moving in her
own circle of life. Alas! that we may not
learn so many of the great lessons of life,
save in those experiences which render them
valueless in future! All who hear me, well
know how vain are such resolves, when
opposed to the omnipotence of Passion.

By Mr. Weymouth, I was treated with
marked politeness, indeed, but politeness
marked by the most frigid coldness. A man
of nice honor, according to his own social
creed, he felt that my acquaintance with his
family had been compassed by such means as
forbid its termination by himself. Still, he
could but feel the greatest anxiety as to the
issue; and I often detected, beneath his rigid
manners, a close scrutiny of my own conduct
and that of his daughter.

A frequent amusement was the evening
walk. From the house to the lake side, ex-
tended a wide avenue, at the extremity of
which, near the strand, stood an arbor, over-
hung with honeysuckles and woodbine. This
was our favorite resort; and here would we
sit for hours together, watching the bright
waves that crept murmuring to the shore, and
indulging in speculative flights of fancy.

Daily, as I listened to those persuasive ac-

cents, whether in utterance of some deep and thrilling sentiment, or pouring out upon the still air, and over the calm lake, the richest melody of song that ever greeted my thirsting senses—daily did I feel the toils gathering with fatal strength about us both. But never, for an instant, did we fail of the most complete self-possession. Unrestrained as was our intercourse, no word of love was ever breathed—no glance of passion exchanged. Both seemed to feel a fascination from which there was no escape, but which could not as yet avail against the stern influences of culture and pride. With her, was the bitter prejudice which tries all human relations by the test of conventional respectability; with me, a stubborn vanity which would sacrifice life itself, rather than do homage to one who would meet it with any feeling of contempt; while both knew that her father and family would spurn with indignation the presumption which would seek to unite her destiny with that of one humble as myself.

With these feelings, and this conviction, it may seem strange that our connection still continued. But even the strong interest which had been created in my own breast, could not stifle the old determination of revenge, strengthened as it had been by the influences mentioned; and I think that a confidence in her own powers of will, together with the disposition so common to the sex, to cherish the principle of love, however uncertain its ultimate consequence, rendered it impossible for her to terminate an acquaintance of a character so interesting and romantic.

Still, as days rolled on, and I felt the current which bore us along, narrowing in its circuit, and hurrying us, like the whirlpool, towards some vague but inevitable destruction. I trembled at the consequences upon which we seemed to be rushing.

At length, my disquietude arose to an intolerable pitch. I felt that to delay longer, were to tempt the most terrible of destinies. Conflicting passions raged within my bosom, till I well nigh wished that existence itself might cease. Had Ida given to her love the expression it demanded—had she yielded the false sentiment of an artificial creed of life—my own pride would have vanished like snow in the sudden sunshine, and my whole soul been suffused with a passion at once devoted and pure. But while no outward evidence of affection lightened up the chaos of my own bosom, my heart would sometimes almost cease to beat at the suspicion that my love was not returned, and that the interest she had expressed, was no more than any ordinarily agreeable young man might create under similar circumstances.

But at last, my resolution was taken. I resolved on flight. I had returned to my room from a moonlight walk with Ida, along the shore of that matchless lake, which had witnessed so many of our sweet communings.—Never before had I so realized the depth and spirituality of her nature; never had I been so enchanted by the magic of her charms. As she discoursed on those themes which always touched kindred sympathies in our bosoms, it seemed more like the whisperings of some spirit, than the careless speech of one who oftener shone the star of a ball-room, than she wandered from its scenes to solitudes like this. While the lay of the hopeless lover flowed

from her lips and mingled with the hushed murmurs of night, I felt as though it were luxury for the spirit to part from earth, could it be borne to heaven on the wings of melody like this. And as I paced the floor in silence for weary hours, the memory of these feelings came over my soul with a resistless power, and traced there a history of passion which never can fade till immortality itself shall cease.

The night wore on, and still I continued my ceaseless tread. The clock tolled out its solemn warnings, till the grey dawn streaked the east, without bringing relief or rest. No sleep visited my aching eyes that night; no slumber settled on my fevered brain. But as the first flush of sunlight reddened the horizon, I had brought my mind to the point on which the eternal future was to rest. I wrote a hasty letter to Ida, stating that business had called me suddenly away, and that the period of my return was uncertain. I hinted that I might never again revisit the spot which her society had made the scene of so many pleasures, and begged that she would at least remember me as one who had shared with her joys that seemed almost too spiritual and too pure for human enjoyment.

I do not think I contemplated a final separation. It would have been too much to have abandoned, forever, the hope of again meeting one in whom all I had ever felt of passionate interest, had been concentrated. I had some vague intentions of a return; I half-pictured, sometimes, scenes of a re-union perfect in bliss, and at others, a meeting which should tinge all after life with the darkness of despair. I would test, by long absence, the love whose depth—almost existence—I had questioned; I would return, in proper character—rich, respected, famous—and, if she still remained true, offer a union at which the most supercilious rank could but be proud.

The next day found me at home. Here, I tarried not long. There was a fever in my veins that mocked repose. I sought a neighboring literary institution, and applied myself to study. I resolved to win fame.

My success exceeded my hopes. I was induced with powers which amazed myself. In a little time, my reputation as a scholar was secure, and I turned aside to gather fresh laurels. I applied myself to the study and practice of Oratory, with my accustomed zeal. In a comparatively short space of time, I had attained an eminence which satisfied, for the present, even my inordinate ambition. The professorship of that science was rendered vacant by death, and I was appointed to the chair.

Now, indeed, I fancied myself on the high-road to fame. As yet, I was comparatively unknown, save in a very limited sphere; I would have my name a familiar and honored word throughout the whole land. I redoubled my efforts—before, almost superhuman. The night was robbed of its hours of rest to enhance the efforts of the day. I verily believe that my brain was half-crazed with its wild visions of future eminence and power.

These efforts were brief. Suddenly, the hand of disease fell upon me with crushing weight. Consumed with raging fever, I prayed, for whole weeks, in my agony and hopelessness, that God would take again the life which seemed a perpetual curse. My sinful

prayer was denied; and I recovered, after the endurance of indescribable tortures of mind and body, to find myself a haggard, attenuated wretch, robbed of that energy which had borne me triumphantly over all obstacles, and beggared in those personal advantages of which I had fancied myself the possessor.

During all my suffering, there had ever been present to my view, a familiar form, which now seemed an angel of light, and now a tormenting fiend. Under all the changes wrought in my maddened brain, it still presented the matchless features of Ida, and ever whispered or hissed its consolations or its curses, in her thrilling accents. As I recovered, the idea strongly forced itself upon me, that I must again seek her presence. How different, indeed, my condition, from that in which I had hoped to meet her! a dying wretch, cut off from the hope of health and fame, instead of the proud victor of a hundred intellectual fields, with literary honors clustering thick about his brow, and hand firmly grasping the destinies of a nation. Alas! for the madness of human ambition!

Humiliated in spirit, and weak in body, I entered again upon those unforgotten scenes. Not even the landlord where I had lived, recognized his former guest. I seated myself on the verandah where I had been wont to take my evening walk, and gazed wistfully over the blue lake whose gentle waters seemed to murmur a sort of melancholy welcome. It was the joyous summer time, such as was associated with all my recollections of the place. Everything seemed just as of yore; but for the changes within my own nature, I should have fancied the experiences of intervening years, but a terrible dream which had at length passed off from my laboring and oppressed spirit.

While I sat drinking in the warm sunshine and soft breeze, I was startled by familiar sounds of mirth. I listened, and again heard the light laughter of thoughtless youth.—Amidst these sounds, like the notes of a wind harp rising o'er the coarser music of ordinary instruments, I distinguished the silver voice of Ida.

I made myself known to the host. He was almost beside himself with grief and joy.—From him, I learned that a party of pleasure had just returned from a water excursion, and were congregated in the parlor. I also learned—and my cheek did not even flush, nor a feature change its expression, though it seemed as if an ice-bolt had transfixed my heart—that, on the morrow, Ida was to be married!

All attempts to describe my emotions, must utterly fail of doing them justice. Suffice it to say, that I determined to probe to the very bottom, that soul which I had once hoped devoted to me, but which was now about being surrendered forever, in the eyes of the world, to the keeping of another.

I entered the room where that gay company was assembled. The intended bridegroom was not present; for that, I thanked Heaven. There were a dozen of my old associates; those with whom I had mingled somewhat freely after my visit to Mr. Weymouth's. After an instant of surprise and doubt, I was greeted with exclamations of gladness and commiseration. All gathered around me, to express their sympathy. I say

all;—I mean all but Ida. White as marble—almost gasping for breath—she stood clinging to a window for support;—no word escaped her white lips—she seemed deprived of all power of utterance.

One by one, each silently, and with a refinement of delicacy and tact, left the room, till we were entirely alone. Ida had sunk into a seat, overpowered with emotion. As the door closed on the last one, and there remained no witness, but God, of our interview, I placed myself fall before her, and in a voice which startled even myself by its solemn and sepulchral depth, said,

“And so, you are to be married!”

She answered with a sharp cry of anguish, and springing from her seat, fell on her knees before me, and in a voice broken by sobs, implored my forgiveness for the wrong she had meditated. Alarmed by the intensity of her feelings, I endeavored to counteract the effect I had produced. I raised her from the floor, bore, rather than led her to a seat, and placed myself by her side. By degrees, the violence of her grief seemed to subside, and she attempted to sketch the causes which had proceeded her engagement.

I will pass over this scene, to another, where these circumstances were related more fully, and others developed. We might not prolong this meeting—propriety forbade it. But once more we renewed the tryst, at the old place; and parted to meet again, in the evening, at the bower by the lake-side.

And again we sat together beneath the green in es, and communed as of old, with no witnesses but the glowing stars—conscious of no world beyond each other. But not as of old, was the confidence we exchanged; for now, no cold pride congealed the waters of love as they flowed forth from their deep fountains. The veil which had hid from sight the secret chambers of the heart, was rent away, and all its weakness, and truth, and bitterness, revealed.

With a desperate calmness, I related every circumstance connected with my regard for herself. At the mention of my meditated revenge, I could feel that it stirred an impulse of indignation; the description of my struggle between love and pride, seemed to excite an interest of the most active kind; and the history of my life after I left her, and its final termination on the brink of a seemingly inevitable grave, swept away all remnant of caution and presence of mind. I felt, and she felt, that I was *dying*—and she the cause.—With that perfect abandonment of reserve which no woman ever experiences but *once*, she threw herself weeping into my arms, and vowed to sunder all ties—to leave friends, and home, and station—and devote herself to that higher duty which nature and Providence seemed to indicate. I was strongly moved by this evidence of her love. It showed me the depth of immortal affection, and revealed the madness and sin which influenced my former conduct. It was at once a blessing and a curse; a blessing to feel my bruised spirit revived by an influence so unselfish and pure; a curse, to know that the experience came too late. In my joy and despair, I bowed my head with hers and wept like a very child. For I felt, that I should only be adding to the heavy accountability which already rested on my soul in the sight of Heaven, by accepting the

love so earnestly tendered; that I should be drawing down the curses of father and plighted lover on the head of her who was dearer than my own existence. Yes; however weak you may deem it, my emotions overcame all self-control. The philosophy of the world, will sneer at what it deems weakness like this; it cannot comprehend the high and spiritual philosophy of the soul.

But through all this tempest of feeling, my will remained firm. No clouds of passion obscured the moral vision. I knew that I must pluck forth the shaft from my breast, though life itself should follow.

With Ida, after the first burst of feeling, I endeavored to reason. I appealed to all her principles of religious and parental regard, to prove the necessity of terminating at once the intercourse between us. My arguments were not thrown away; she struggled nobly to compose her mind to the result I indicated. I represented that any other course would bring with it consequences even more terrible than those we dreaded. I pictured with all my skill, the undying agonies caused by a father's curse; the irreparable wrong inflicted on him whose strong affections had been lavished upon her. And here I said of her lover, that he was one of whose regard any woman might well be proud; a man uniting all noble qualities of mind and soul, with the accidental advantage of wealth. And as I touched upon all these points—as I depicted his noble character, in language which partook of the strength of my own passion—as I painted long years of happiness in store, flowing from the approbation of a quiet conscience, the conviction of duty performed to Heaven, and the feeling that we were spiritualizing ourselves by living only to bless others—as I grew eloquent on themes like these, I fancied that my words had produced the change desired, and that a sacrifice of all selfish impulses to the great principle of right, would be followed, on her part, by a life of purer satisfaction than passion can ever bestow. Throughout, I studiously avoided all mention of my own inevitable fate. While I felt that my days were numbered on earth—that I could go into some wild solitude and there resign my life into His hands who gave it—to her, I only conveyed the impression that my own chance of life would be strengthened by the consciousness of duty performed and happiness secured to herself.

And thus passed an interview which compressed into a few hours, the experiences of a lifetime. I cannot detail the conversation; for, to repeat the language used, even were it present to my mind, would convey a most meager idea of the truth. Words, apart from the emotions which cause their utterance, are no more adequate to delineate such a scene, than the grim skeleton, to represent to the eye, the living, breathing, sentient man.

Ida promised to marry the man to whom she had plighted her maiden faith; she promised, on the morrow, to become the bride of Frank Leaming. With a strange inconsistency of feeling, she required me to be present; with an infatuation equally strong, I consented, and felt a kind of pleasure in the thought. But O! the pain of that parting! it seemed like severing the silver cord of life. We lingered by every hallowed memento of past communion—bid adieu, severally, to each spot which

had witnessed our sacred meetings. One last embrace—one burning, passionate, final kiss—and I fled like a madman from her presence.

—Brightly broke the day which was to witness the nuptials of Ida Weymouth. The atmosphere was radiant with an indescribable glory, that mocked the misery of my aching heart. How that day passed, I scarcely know; I only remember that it seemed as though an eternity separated its morning from its night. I have a faint recollection of wandering alone through fields and forests—of threading passages where human foot had never ventured, and standing on airy heights, where any miss step would have hurled me down to sure destruction. My first *distinct* remembrance, dates at the moment when I again found myself in the presence of Ida, at her father's house. She stood, magnificently arrayed, before the guests who had assembled to honor the occasion—calm even to coldness, and deadly pale—beside the gallant bridegroom whose glowing hopes, she had crushed her own, to realize. The splendor of the day had given place, as night approached, to the dark omens of a tempest. Black clouds obscured the sky; fitful lightnings played round the horizon, and the muttering thunder occasionally lifted its voice above the sullen roar of the distant tempest.

From the moment that they came forth and stood before the venerable minister of Heaven, whose word was to bind their destinies in eternal bonds, my recollection of each event is as vivid as though it happened but an hour ago. Her preternatural calmness, which could not, however, conceal a strange wildness in her eye, whenever it met my own—the fond pride of her lover, mingled, however, with an expression hovering betwixt confidence and distrust—the painful and uneasy silence which brooded over the whole room, as though the shadow of some approaching evil rested on their spirits—the stern composure of the father, whose countenance disclosed to me the conviction that he was deliberately sacrificing his dearest interest on the altar of pride—all form a picture as present to imagination, as that on yonder wall, to the eye of sense.

As the ceremony commenced, a brighter flash of lightning, succeeded by a nearer peal of thunder, startled every one present. The clergyman hesitated, as though he would fain postpone the rite; but an imperative gesture from Mr. Weymouth, bid him proceed.

The ceremony continued. The silence was broken only by the low tones of the old minister, whose every word caused an icy thrill in my bosom; and every ear was strained to catch the syllable which should fall from the lips of the bride. It came not; three times the lips parted, but no sound followed their movement. The anxiety of the spectators became almost intolerable, when a silent gesture relieved it for the moment, and the deed was done.

With its conclusion, came a blaze of lightning which, for several moments, seemed to envelope the room in a sheet of flame, and followed by a crash that shook the building to its base. Shrieks of terror formed a shrill accompaniment, followed by the howling of a hurricane, which dashed the rain, almost in masses, against the walls. The confusion was indescribable. Of all present, only two were

calm; these were Ida and myself. The warfare of physical elements was a relief, compared with the tempest which had desolated our hearts.

The storm was brief as it had been violent. The clouds broke away, and occasional rays of moonlight struggled through their openings. The guests, oppressed by a feeling which they could not, themselves, explain, departed without waiting for the customary season of festivity. I, alone, remained; Mr. Weymouth seemed irresistibly impelled to offer, and I to accept, his hospitality for the night.

After the departure of the guests, an effort was made to dispel the gloom which had gathered over us. Mr. Weymouth, whose conversational powers were of the highest order, endeavored to introduce topics that should distract attention from the painful incidents of the occasion. All, however, was in vain; and after half an hour of forced conversation, and embarrassing pauses, I retired.

I retired, but not to sleep. I endeavored to give expression to the feelings that racked my breast, in a last letter to Ida—bidding her an eternal farewell, and strengthening the resolution she had taken. Overpowered with the conflict of emotions, I bowed my head and would have prayed, when the door softly opened, and Ida herself stood before me.

She stood—her pale features and wild eyes contrasting fearfully with the splendor of her bridal dress. A horrid fear that insanity had touched her brain, came over me, as I gazed. Starting from my seat—with no thought of the indelicacy of her visit, for even a thought like this would have been profane—I asked her, with all the calmness I could summon, the reason of her coming. With a gesture of silence, she answered me in two words:

"To pray."

The impulse of prayer had visited us both; and kneeling there, unseen by any eye but that of Heaven, our souls once more struggled into the Infinite Presence. The supplication was brief, and when we arose, it was with spirits resigned to the will of God. In the eyes of Ida, beamed a steadier and holy light; while the raging passions of my own bosom, were calmed by the divine influences we had invoked.

"And now," said she, "you must go. This house may not shelter you to-night. I must return before my absence excites suspicion, to him whom I have sworn to love, and who shall never claim my devotion in vain. If you would have me regard my vow, and practice the principles you have enjoined, depart hence forever. This place will never more witness your presence; yet I feel that we shall meet again. Perhaps, only in Heaven."

One last embrace—one pure kiss—and she left the room. I have never seen her since.

What apology I made for my departure, I know not; but I went forth, amidst darkness and storm, with a soul calm and peaceful, and illuminated by light from on high, to the great work of human improvement to which I have from that hour been devoted. Yes, gentlemen, continued the President, with an enthusiasm which infected his listeners, from the moment when the spell of Passion was removed from my spirit, leaving it, as I trust, elevated and purified by the trial through which it passed, my chief pleasure has been found in doing that

which benefits my race, and my highest ambition, to deserve their gratitude. Often, indeed, does my mind revert to the incidents I have so imperfectly sketched;—often does the remembrance of Ida Weymouth come up like a dream of childhood, too fair for a hard world like this; and often do I fancy that our spirits still, at times, commune together, so perfect is the joy that fills my bosom;—but never do these reflections visit my mind, without leaving me a wiser and a better man.

His voice ceased, and a short silence succeeded. A younger member broke it, by asking, in a tone which he strove to make careless, if he had never heard from any of the actors in the scenes he had described.

"Never," replied the President; "my health became gradually restored, and I devoted myself sedulously to my profession, with the objects I have stated. No word from any of them has ever reached me."

"Frank Leaming," continued the other, "was a college acquaintance of my own. To-day, I received this paper; read."

The President took it, and read aloud the following paragraph:

"Died, at Albany, on the — inst., the Hon. Franklin Leaming, Senator from this district. His remains will be brought home for interment. The news was received last night by his afflicted wife, whose severe loss, and that of a large circle of devoted friends, cannot be too deeply commiserated."

The paper fell from his hand.

Savage.

The following savage lines were written by one of Warren Hastings' friends, after hearing Edmund Burke's great speech against the modern Verres, as most people regard him:

"Oft have I wondered that on Irish ground
No poisonous reptile ever yet was found;
The secret stand revealed in Nature's work,
She saved her venom to create a BURKE!"

WHIMS OF GENIUS.—Hady, when he sat down to compose, always dressed himself with the utmost care, his hair nicely powdered, and put on his best suit. He could write only on the finest paper, and was as particular in forming his notes as if he had been engraving them on copper plate.

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage, "Whatsoever you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

In a very old copy of a work now extant, on necromancy, is the following quaint passage:—

"Question: How to rase the devel? Answer: contradicte yer wyfe."

Of all things ever seen or heard of, there is not one that was not once new. Whatever is now establishment was once innovation.—[Bentham.]

Drinking water neither makes a man sick, nor in debt, nor his wife a widow.—[Spanish Proverb.]

A large glass of water, sipped ten drops at a time, in perfect silence, will cure a person in a passion. This is the last application of the water cure.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY H. F. HARRINGTON.

THERE is a grey-haired gentleman in New York, a retired merchant, whose bland and hearty countenance may be seen every fair day in Broadway, through the window of his carriage, as he takes his airing. There is nothing ostentatious about his equipage—none of that labored display unfortunately characteristic of too many in New York. He does not ape the habits of a foreign aristocracy by attiring his servants in liveries; and his carriage, tho' evidently of costly manufacture, is so barren of tinsel, and of so unpretending a construction, that the passer-by, as his eye falls upon it in the midst of the ambitious turn-outs, so numerous in Broadway, would never suspect its occupant to be the master of unbounded wealth—capable of buying up, body and soul, nine hundred and ninety-nine of the bedizened and bewhiskered aspirants who dash by him, as he regularly rumbles along, in their flashy, ginger-bread vehicles.

He is often accompanied by his wife and daughter; the former preserving in the wear of life, traces of loveliness; and the latter in the dawning of lustrous beauty. The dress of these ladies correspond with the elegant simplicity, that test of true elevation and real gentility, which we have remarked upon as distinguishing the husband and the father.—The jewels they wear are few and tasteful; and in their plain and becoming attire they do not make their bodies locomotive milliners' signs, telling a tale by extravagance or outerness of display, that, conscious of deficiency in mental superiority, they make a parade of the gaudiness of the covering alone, for the emptiness within it.

This gentleman came to this city when a young man, a poor adventurer. He left his father's humble fireside in the country, with a blessing and a little pack of clothes; and with a five dollar note in his pocket—all he was worth in the world—he turned his steps towards New York; ignorant of mankind—of the thousands seeking, like himself, a livelihood, who congregate in this moral whirlpool—but full of energy. It was distant several days travel; but he did not greatly diminish his scanty funds, for the farmer's door, at which he applied at nightfall, was ever open to receive him; and a few hours of labor, the succeeding day, requited—for he would have scorned to accept of charity—the hospitality extended to him. He sought a mean, cheap lodging house, when at last he trod with eager foot the streets of the city; and although wondering curiosity was awake, he wasted no time in idleness, but sedulously employed himself in seeking occupation. Appearances are deceitful, and it is dangerous to put faith in them; but the merchant who listened to Jacob Flagg's story, and, taking the honesty depicted in his face as an endorsement of its truth, made him his porter, never had reason to regret it.

For four years he was a faithful servant—diligent, industrious, honest and frugal. Closing his duties soon after nightfall, his evenings were his own; and, by the light of his lamp, he devoted them to the improvement of his mind. At the end of the four years, with what he had saved from his earnings, and some

little assistance from his employer, he opened a small shop in an obscure street, wherein he vended a small stock of dry goods. From the beginning he succeeded slowly indeed, yet he succeeded. And the majority may succeed in the same way. Whatever one's income may be, however trifling, let him live within it, and he is even then prospering; and, to prosper in a great city, frugality never finds itself in fault. Subsistence and a home may be procured, meeting to any quality of means; and he who can turn false pride out of doors, and indulges rather in that ennobling satisfaction, the consciousness that he is wronging no fellow being by unjust self-indulgence, is laying a foundation for prosperity that nothing can shake; though the goods of the earth may gather slowly, the soul will be heaping up treasures. Extravagance is a comparative term; and he who, with an income of a few hundreds, exceeds his bounds in his expenditures, is more extravagant than the possessor of millions, whose lavish hand scatters thousands upon thousands from his revenue. Jacob Flagg had a little something left of his first year's gains, and yet a larger sum at the close of the second—tenfold after the third.

As his condition improved, he cautiously and advisedly improved his mode of living. He removed to a more genteel boarding-house—and then a better still—ever careful, however, not to deceive himself, and run ahead of duty. The second change was rife with momentous influence upon his destiny; for there boarded in the same house a widow and her pretty daughter, the last an heiress, worth a thousand dollars. This widow, named Watkins—not her real name, by the bye, for on our veracity, we are telling a true story, and it might give offenses to be too particular—was not overstocked with riches, yet piqued herself as much on her slender jointure, the thousand dollars Helen was to possess on her wedding day, as though her hundreds had been thousands, and her daughter's thousand a million. Helen was sensible, very sensible, and resisted, in a good degree, the unhappy influence of her mother's weakness; but most women, not being conversant with business, do not appreciate the true value of money; and it is not amazing that Helen, when it was constantly a theme of exultation and pride with her mother, should imagine at least, her thousand dollars—a fortune.

Flagg, after a time, loved her; loved her with his whole heart, and was as tenderly beloved in return. He had always determined, with an honest heart, that he never would marry a woman who had money. "It should never be cast in his teeth by his wife's grumbling relations, that he was supported by her;" and there are few who will accuse him of swerving from his principles, although he did love Helen Watkins, and she had a thousand dollars.

He married her; and on her wedding day, pursuant to her father's will, the thousand dollars were placed in Flagg's hands. Doing as he thought best for their mutual advantage, he invested it in his business, and instead of dashing out with an establishment, remained at the boarding house. For a time all went well. A loving bride thinks little for months of anything but of love and happiness, and Helen never spoke of the thousand dollars. Flagg furnished her with money sufficient for

her wants, and indeed for her desire—the engrossment of her thoughts otherwise, limited her wishes.

But when a year had gone by, she often asked for articles of dress or luxury—luxury to them—which her husband could not afford to give, and gently, but resolutely, denied her. "It is strange," thought Helen to herself, "that when he has all that thousand dollars of mine, he won't let me have what I want." Her mother fostered these complaining thoughts, and on one occasion when she had set her head on something which he refused to purchase, she vented her disappointment in reproaches, and referred to the thousand dollars which she was sure she ought to be at liberty to spend, since it was all her own. Flagg was astonished, indignant, but restrained himself, kindly reasoned with her, and represented to her how paltry a sum, in reality, a thousand dollars was, and how long ago it would have been exhausted had it been in her possession, by the procurement of half the articles she had solicited. But her pride prevented her from listening with calmness, and she only gathered enough of his explanation to excite, in her warped judgment, the suspicion that it was only given as a mode of excuse for his meanness.

In a short time the thousand dollars came up again—and again—and again; the last time immediately after breakfast. Flagg could bear no more; without rejoinder he suddenly left his house. His wife saw that he was more than ordinarily moved; that his face wore a startling expression, and regretful, penitent, alarmed, she called earnestly for him to return. But it was too late. It was a sullen, stormy, wintry, chilly day, when Flagg left home that morning; it was, too, at the very climax of one of those mercantile crises when the rich feel poor and the poor, beggars;—and Flagg, breasting the storm bravely thus far, congratulated himself that in a few days he should be safe, and his fortune golden forever. How bitter were his sensations as he came down Broadway that morning, splashing through the rain! He loved Helen dearly—he knew that she loved him. Their days were all happiness, save that destroyed by that one foible, and let come what would, he determined to give her a lesson that should last her for the rest of her life.

He did not return to dinner. Helen waited for him, and, robbed by her anxiety and remorse of her appetite, would not go down herself, but sat all the afternoon looking from the window into the deserted and dreary street, weeping sometimes as though her heart would break. When daylight had nearly gone, and she began to strain her eyes to distinguish objects without, she discovered him approaching. She could not—she dared not go to meet him; but when he opened the door she could not repress a shriek at the haggardness of his countenance. He came to her side, and taking her hand, said, in a voice broken by exhaustion and emotion, as he extended with the other a roll of bank notes—

"Helen, there are your thousand dollars; I have had toil, and anguish, and pain enough to get them for you in these dreadful times; but I had resolved, and would not be disappointed. Take them, do with them as you like, and I will be wholly happy, for then you can never reproach me more."

"No, no; not for the world!" sobbed Hel-

en, sinking on her knees in shame; "Oh! husband forgive me; I shall never be guilty again."

And she tried to make him accept the notes. He was, however, resolute. Well knowing, from his character, that what he had determined on as a proper course, he would not swerve from, she dismissed the subject, and they were afterwards indeed happy. He never asked to what purpose she had appropriated her thousand dollars, but it was evident she had expended them neither for dress, or ornament. If anything, she was more frugal than ever, and he was compelled to question her of her wants and wishes, when he was disposed to gratify them, as he was liberal and free, so soon as prosperity would authorize him to be so.

Reader, this Flagg is the same hale old fellow whom we have spoken of as riding in his carriage in Broadway, and that wife is his same Helen. That daughter—ah, I can tell a story of her! She is to be married next week to a young man not worth a penny—who loves her, and cares not a pin for her father's money, confiding, as he does, in his own energies—which the old man took care to make sure of before he gave his consent. But the thousand dollars! it has been accumulating these twenty years—has been added to constantly by the mother, and now, a good round sum—we have it from good authority—at least twenty thousand, will be a gift to the daughter upon her marriage-day; but we warrant you she will hear the whole story of the "Thousand Dollars," and be warned not to suspect an honest, high-minded and loving man, of marrying for money!

American Labor.

THE following tribute to labor is from a speech once delivered in Faneuil Hall, by Daniel Webster.

"I have spoken of labor as one of the great elements of our society; the great substantial interest on which we all stand. No feudal service, no predial toil, not the irksome drudgery by one race of mankind, subjected on account of color to the control of another race of mankind, but labor, intelligent, manly, independent, thinking and acting for itself, earning its own wages, accumulating those wages into capital, becoming a part of society and of our social system, educating childhood, maintaining worship, claiming the right of the elective franchise, and helping to uphold the great fabric of the state. *That is American labor*, and I confess that all my sympathies are with it, and my voice until I am dumb, will be for it."

Positive Proof.

H—, a member of one of the classes, was distinguished not less for dry wit and sly wag-gery, than for his address in evading the writing of themes, and in palming off the "brain-coined currency" of others as his legitimate "tender." One Monday morning, he read a theme of unusual merit; but Professor A—"smelt the rat," and as H. finished and sat down in the pride of conscious merit, asked:

"Is that original, H—?" "Yes, sir."—"Are you sure of it?" he inquired, doubtfully. "Why, yes, sir," replied H—, with the imperturbable gravity, and that paste-board countenance he always wore, "it had ORIGINAL over it in the paper I took it from!"—*Yankee Blade.*

Historical.

DESTRUCTION OF CARTHAGE.

THE Carthaginians did everything in the prosecution of this war with the Romans, that the most desperate valor could do; but Scipio's cool, steady and well-calculated plans made irresistible progress, and hemmed them in at last, within narrower limits, by a steadily increasing pressure, from which they found it impossible to break away.

Scipio had erected a sort of mole or pier upon the water near the city, on which he had erected many large and powerful engines to assault the walls. One night a large company of Carthaginians took torches, not lighted, in their hands, together with some sort of apparatus for striking fire, and partly by wading and partly by swimming, they made their way through the water of the harbor toward these machines. When they were sufficiently near, they struck their lights and set their torches on fire. The Roman soldiers who had been stationed to guard the machines, were seized with terror at seeing all these flashing fires burst suddenly over the water, and fled in dismay. The Carthaginians set the abandoned engines on fire, and then throwing their now useless torches into the flames, plunged into the water again, and swam back in safety. But all this desperate bravery did very little good. Scipio quietly repaired the engines, and the siege went on as before.

But we cannot describe in detail all the particulars of this protracted and terrible struggle. We must pass on to the closing scene, which, as related by the historians of the day, is an almost incredible series of horrors. After an immense number had been killed in the assaults which had been made upon the city, besides the thousands and thousands which had died of famine, and of the exposures incident to such a siege, the army of Scipio succeeded in breaking their way through the gates, and gaining admission to the city. Some of the inhabitants were now disposed to contend no longer, but to cast themselves at the mercy of the conqueror. Others, furious in their despair, were determined to fight to the last, not willing to give up the pleasure of killing all they could of their hated enemies, even to save their lives. They fought, therefore, from street to street, retreating gradually as the Romans advanced, till they found refuge in the citadel. One band of Scipio's soldiers mounted to the tops of the houses, the roofs being flat, and fought their way there, while another column advanced in the same manner in the streets below. No imagination can conceive the uproar and din of such an assault upon a populous city—a horrid mingling of the vociferated commands of the officers, and of the shouts of the advancing and victorious assailants, with the screams of terror from the affrighted women and children, and dreadful groans and imprecations from men dying, maddened with unsatisfied revenge, and biting the dust in an agony of pain.

The more determined of the combatants, with Asdrubal at their head, took possession of the citadel, which was in a quarter of the city situated upon an eminence, and strongly fortified. Scipio advanced to the walls of this fortification, and set that part of the city on

fire which lay nearest to it. The fire burned for six days, and opened a large area, which afforded the Roman troops room to act. When the troops were brought up to the area, thus left vacant by the fire, and the people within the citadel saw that their condition was hopeless, there arose, as there always does in such cases, the desperate struggle within the walls, whether to persist in resistance or to surrender themselves to Scipio's mercy, and beg for their lives. Asdrubal's wife, leading her two children by her side, earnestly entreated her husband to allow her to go with them. But he refused. There was a body of deserters from the Roman camp in the citadel, who, having no possible hope of escaping destruction except by desperate resistance to the last, Asdrubal supposed would never yield. He committed his wife and children, therefore, to their charge, and these deserters, seeking refuge in a great temple within the citadel, bore the frantic mother to share their fate.

Asdrubal's determination; however, to resist the Romans to the last, soon after this gave way, and he determined to surrender. He is accused of the most atrocious treachery in attempting thus to save himself, after excluding his wife and children from all possibility of escaping destruction. But the confusion and din of a scene, the suddenness and violence with which the events succeeded each other, and the tumultuous and uncontrollable mental agitation to which they give rise, deprive a man who is called to act in it, of all sense and reason, and exonerate him, almost as much, from moral responsibility for what he does, as if he were insane. At any rate, Asdrubal, after shutting up his wife and children with a furious gang of desperadoes, who could not possibly surrender, surrendered himself, perhaps hoping that he might save them after all.

The Carthaginian soldiers, following Asdrubal's example, opened the gates of the citadel, and let the conqueror in. The deserters were now made absolutely desperate by their danger, and some of them more furious than the rest, preferring to die by their own hands rather than to give their hated enemies the pleasure of killing them, set the building in which they were shut up, on fire. The miserable inmates ran to and fro, half suffocated by the smoke and scorched by the flames. Many of them reached the roof. Asdrubal's wife and children were among the number. She looked down from this elevation, the volumes of smoke and flame rolling up around her, and saw her husband standing below with the Roman general—perhaps looking in consternation, for his wife and children, amid this scene of horror. The sight of the husband and father, in a position of safety, made the wife and mother perfectly furious with resentment and anger. "Wretch!" she screamed, in a voice that raised itself above the universal din, "is it thus you seek to save your own life while you sacrifice ours? I cannot reach you in your own person, but I kill you hereby in the persons of your children." So saying, she stabbed her affrighted sons with a dagger, and hurled them down, struggling all the time against their insane mother's frenzy, into the nearest opening from which flames were ascending, and then leaped in after them herself, to share their awful doom.

The Romans, when they had gained possession of the city, took most effectual measures

for its complete destruction. The inhabitants were scattered into the surrounding country, and the whole territory was converted into a Roman province. Some attempts were afterwards made to rebuild the city, and it was for a long time a place of some resort, as men lingered mournfully there in huts that they built among the ruins. It, however, was gradually forsaken, the stones crumbled and decayed, vegetation regained possession of the soil, and now there is nothing whatever to mark the spot where the city lay.—*Abbott's History of Hannibal.*

The Royal George.

"The Royal George" was made to carry one hundred and eight guns, and one thousand men. She was an old ship, and had seen much service. Her build was rather short and high, but she sailed well, and carried the tallest masts and squarest canvas of any of England's gunships. She had just returned from Spithead, where there were twenty or thirty ships of war, lying under command of Lord Howe. It was on the 29th of August, 1782, almost 67 years ago. She was lying off Portsmouth; her decks had been washed the day before, and the carpenter discovered that the pipe which admitted water to cleanse the ship was worn out, and must be replaced. This pipe being three feet under water, it was needful to heel, or lay the ship a little on one side. To do this the heavy guns on the larboard side were run out of the port-holes as far as they would go, and the guns on the starboard side were drawn up and secured in the middle of the deck; this brought the sills of the port-holes on the lowest side nearly even with the water. Just as the crew had finished breakfast, a small vessel called the Lark came on the low side of the ship to unship a cargo of rum; the casks were put on board on that side, and this additional weight, together with that of the men employed in unloading, caused the ship to heel still more on one side; every wave of the sea now washed in at her port-holes, and thus she had soon so great a weight of water in her hold, that slowly and almost imperceptibly she sank still further down on her side. Twice, the carpenter, seeing the danger, went on board to ask the officer on duty to order the ship to be righted; and if he had not been a proud and angry man, who would not acknowledge himself to be in the wrong, all might have been well. The plumbers had almost finished their work, when a sudden breeze blew on the raised side of the ship, forced her still further down, and the water began to pour into her lower port-holes. Instantly the danger became apparent; the men were ordered to right the ship; they ran to move the guns for this purpose, but it was too late. In a minute or two more, she fell quite over on her side, with her masts nearly flat on the water, and the Royal George sank to the bottom, before one signal of distress could be given! By this dreadful accident about nine hundred persons lost their lives; about two hundred and thirty were saved, some by running up the rigging, and being with others picked up by the boats which put off immediately from other vessels to their assistance. There were many visitors, women and little children, on board, at the time of the accident.—*Phil. Saturday Post.*

Religious.

From the Britannia.

THE CLOSE OF LIFE.*

THERE is no severer test to which the lives and principles of men can be brought than the death-bed. In that solemn hour all motives for concealment are at an end. There are no objects of worldly desire before the eye to dazzle and mislead it. All the influences which have corrupted the heart or blinded the understanding vanish with the earthly vanities which gave them life and vigor. Even in the seared heart the impulses of conscience regain something of their original activity. The pride which has kept truth at bay, and the artifices which have sought to pervert it, melt away at the prospect of impending dissolution. In death—when it comes in the midst of conscious faculties—there is a foretaste of judgment; and it not unfrequently happens—as if for the instruction of mankind—that the closing scene of life is singularly in accordance, in its physical circumstances, with the character of the dying man. The resignation and hope of the Christian impart to it an air of tranquil serenity, like that attending the close of a summer evening. The doubt of the infidel and the remorse of the sinner aggravate the last mortal pangs of humanity, and cause life to end, in the apprehension of all beholders, amidst gloom and tempest.

The plan adopted by Mr. Neale is to display so much of the life and character of the individual as will lead the reader to contemplate the closing scene with attention. That is in every case described from the reports of persons who were witnesses of the last hours of life, and who truly narrate the spirit in which death was met. In this manner Mr. Neale has made the closing scene of eminent personages furnish the moral of their lives.

As the narratives are thus of a biographical character, and as the details of the "closing scene" are generally confined to mental emotions, the volumes, though serious, are by no means dismal. The original reflections of Mr. Neale are all marked by as much true taste as Christian philosophy. His short memoir of Mr. Beckford, designated as the man of taste, is singularly vigorous, and cannot fail to be useful at this day, when there is a disposition to substitute the fantasies for the earnest realities demanded by religion. On the last hours of Mr. Beckford, who died without a sign, rejecting with something like disdain the offer of spiritual consolation, Mr. Neale observes:—

His was a silent deathbed as to the mighty future. He directed by his will that his body should be embalmed, placed in a chest, and deposited in a tomb erected in that part of his garden adjoining Lansdown Tower; that on his mausoleum should appear the following inscription: on one side, William Beckford, Esq., late of Fonthill, Wilts, died 2d of May, 1844, aged eighty-four, with this quotation from "Vathek,"—"Enjoying humbly the most precious gift of Heaven to man—hope!"—On the other side, the same obituary, followed by these lines from a prayer written by himself:

Eternal Power!
Grant me thro' obvious clouds on transient gleam
Of thy bright essence on my dying hour.

The Closing Scene. Second Series. By the Rev. ERSKINE NEALE, M. A. Longman.

His remains lie in the garden of Beckford's tower, which tower and grounds were presented to the rector of Walcot by his daughter, the Duchess of —. They have been most judiciously converted into a cemetery, which the bishop of the diocese has duly consecrated. A solemn question still remains behind. Was this gifted and wealthy man a faithful steward? What did he for his kind? Mighty trusts were confided to him. Blest with ample means, highly cultivated intellect, and unusual length of days, what permanent blessing did he confer on his fellows?

His income for many years was little short of £100,000 per annum. What hospital did he build? What asylum did he endow? What school did he originate? What sanctuary did he raise for the worship of the Most High?—What cloud of heathen error and ignorance did he seek to dissipate? What memorial has he left behind him to cheer and gladden, during life's weary pilgrimage, the aged, the sorrow-stricken, the suffering, the desolate, or the bereaved? What charity did he munificently support during life, or place beyond the reach of failure by his testamentary dispositions at death? What widows' grateful tears or orphans' murmured blessings will the casual mention of his name arouse? Was his a mere religion of the imagination; and his reverence for sacred subjects bounded by his admiration of "The Madonna," "The Infant Savior," "The Savior Mundi," when placed on canvass by the limner's art?

In his luxurious seclusion with all the costly objects which surrounded him, bitter moments must have been his, since he could thus express himself:—

"I have lost many friends whose remembrance comes too forcibly upon me. Look into my letters. I lost them, and became afraid to acquire more, lest I should lose them in turn. When I last went to Portugal what changes a short time had made! It was subsequently to that time when I visited Mr. Beauchamp, whom you recollect."

"I replied I was too young; I had spoken only of Pengreep, his seat; I did not recollect the master."

"Well, when I passed a day or two at Pengreep, the weather in March was soft and fine as in Portugal. I sat there making a looking-glass of the water, full of vehement hopes, anticipating the orange-groves of Portugal, an amusement at that time which I much wanted. I was a young widower. I found all these. And what are they become—friendships—all you read of my friends, dark cloudy thoughts that accidental circumstances call up with uncontrollable bitterness."

Would that in his varied reading the following stanzas had struck him, and roused his vigorous mind to the prosecution of some enterprise worthy of his genius, his station, and his wealth!

Wake! thou that sleepest in enchanted bowers,
Lest these last years should haunt thee in the night,
When death is waiting for thy numbered hours
To take their swift and everlasting flight!
Wake! ere the earth-born charm unnerve thee quite
And be thy thoughts to work divine addressed!
Do something—do it soon—with all thy might,
"Tis infancy to die and not be missed,
Or let all soon forget that thou did'st e'er exist!

Some high or humble enterprise of good,
Contemplate till it shall possess thy mind,
Become thy study, pastime, rest and food,
And kindle in thy heart a flame refined:
Pray Heaven for firmness thy whole soul to bind
To this thy purpose—to begin, pursue
With thoughts all fixed, and feelings purely kind,
Strength to complete, and with delight review
And grace to give the praise where all is ever due.

WILCOX.

Very different is the account given of the closing scene of Edward Colston, the merchant prince of Bristol. Mr. Neale enumerates the vast sums which he spent for charitable purposes, and proceeds thus:—

But he was his own executor; performed all these charitable works in his lifetime; invested revenues for their support in trustees' hands; lived to see the trusts justly executed as they are at this day; and saw with his own eyes the good effects of all his establishments. Liberal, too, as were these bequests, they were not the result of hoarding during a long penurious life, as is often the case, to leave a name memorable for charity at death; his whole life was merciful, thoughtful, bountiful. True, he did not marry, and, when urged to it, used to reply, with quiet pleasantry, "Every helpless widow is my wife, and her distressed orphans my children."

Barrett says, "he never insured a ship, and never lost one."

The infirmities incident to old age brought him slowly and gradually to the tomb. He complained of no pain, but an "inward and daily sinking." He observed with true Christian feeling, "Business is irksome, and thought wearies, but prayer is always welcome. I fail in body and mind; but at eighty-four the marvel is that my faculties will anywise serve me." He died at Mortlake, calmly, and without suffering, on the 11th of October, 1721. He had nearly attained his eighty-fifth year.—The last days of his life may be said to have been eminently devotional. He was constantly in prayer. One frequent exclamation, indicative of unfeigned humility, was embodied in the verse, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name be the praise for thy loving mercy and for thy truth's sake." He was particularly fond of the collects of the church; liked to have them read to him when his eyesight failed him; and said of them with affectionate fervor, that they contained "the very marrow of godliness." The last intelligible words that he was heard to utter breathed forth the petition, "Pardon thy unworthy servant, O good and holy Lord Jesus! pardon through thy blood!"

The manner in which Mr. Neale has worked out his design is not less admirable than the design itself. He has managed to make his matter eminently attractive, while enforcing the practice of piety and virtue by some of the most pregnant examples supplied by human life.

Forgiveness.

How beautiful falls
From human lips that blessed word—forgive!
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of God—
The sound which openeth heaven: renews again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's halcyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart has been so schooled
In the meek lesson of humanity,
That he can give it utterance. It imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel.

Miscellany.

CHANGE.

Warm is the heart in boyhood's days,
And warmer are the smiles which greet it;
But time will come when those light rays
Of hope and love no longer meet it.

How bright the dream when young eyes sleep,
And brighter glows the heart with gladness;
But time will doom such eyes to weep,
And change their beams to tears of sadness.

How beautiful the book of life
If fancy glances o'er her pages;
She feels no sorrow, sees no strife,
In the fair scenes of future ages.

But changed are those unblotted lines,
Where feelings, hopes, and all are slighted;
And dim the fire of genius shines,
When all its wandering have been blighted.

Foreign Words and Phrases.

The use of foreign words always seems to imply one of two things: that the writer wishes to display his knowledge of the language from which he borrows, or that he is ignorant of the corresponding words in the English language; in the former case, it is pedantry, in the latter, ignorance, and in both cases is a departure from true simplicity and elegance. A few examples will illustrate our meaning, and show the folly and the danger of the barbarous practice.

An excellent periodical, in a critical notice of Whittier's Poems, says, "The *Physique* of the book is charming." To the mere American this conveys the idea, that as a medicine the book is agreeable. The reviewer probably means that the *mechanical execution* of the book is charming; but it may be doubted whether this is a correct use of the French word.

Examples of this useless intrusion of foreign words abound most in novels, and the light literature of the day. A novel before us has such expressions as these:—"They have just escaped from Paris, where they had been for some years among the *detenus*," (detained.)

"If it is religion that does all that for her, it is a religion of which I can form no idea; *cela me passe*." Here the French is a mere paraphrase of the English words that are italicized, and how will the foreign words help the reader to anything new—but the vanity of the writer?

"She had surrounded herself with vases of flowers, to give her apartment *un air de fete*," (a festive appearance.)

In such books, a *medley* or *mixture* is a *me-lange*—a *fray* is nothing short of a *melee*, and the *select* are not the *chosen* but the *elite*. Disputants do not differ *entirely*, but *toto cælo*, and they do not begin *again* but *de novo*, or as some goslings prefer to say, *ob ovo*.

And yet these are called English sentences! We hesitate not to say that no teacher ought for a moment to countenance such works by reading them, and any one who would stoop to imitate them, is unfaithful to his trust. If he already can write pure English, he needs no such ornaments; and if he cannot write

English correctly, nothing can more effectually prevent his doing so than the use of foreign words or foreign idioms.

But our newspapers have caught the disease, and some editors who know too little of English and nothing of any other language, allow themselves to use foreign expressions, and often commit egregious blunders, without the salutary pain of knowing it. Perhaps no foreign word is so frequently spelled wrong as *naivete*, a word of three syllables, meaning *artlessness*, *ingenuousness*. The common error is to spell it *naivette*. Then the pretty word *posy* has been superseded almost entirely by the French word *bouquet*, or as nineteenth of our editors spell it, *bo-quet*. As this spelling misleads the speaker, we recommend the pedants to spell the word *bou-quet*, before it is too late.

The most common items of news are interlarded with such barbarisms. Thus, the President is never going to Washington, but he is *en route* for that city. No remark can be made *by the way*, or *in passing*, but it must be *en passant*. A rising of the people is no longer a *mob* or a *rebellion*, but an *emeute*. Our ancestors did without *ennui* for many centuries, but their sons pretend that no English word expresses the full idea, and even Worcester has been compelled to give the word a place in his great dictionary. The difficulty of pronouncing the word more than balances any shade of meaning that it possesses over *listlessness*, *tediousness*, *irksomeness*, &c., which the best dictionaries have always given as completely synonymous with *ennui*.

Some years ago a venerable Boston editor discovered that *nous verrons* was a more expressive phrase than *we shall see*; and now every village editor, after giving his view of national affairs, gathers himself up in his armchair and utters the doubtful prophecy, "*nous verrons*."

Now all this is exceedingly silly, if not positively injurious to both writers and readers.—Our intercourse with thousands of teachers has satisfied us that, if they are more defective in one thing than in another, it is in ability to write pure, easy, expressive English, and this they can never acquire while they allow themselves to read inferior authors, or to expect that the use of a few foreign expressions will atone for want of sense, or neglect of style.—*Common School Journal*.

Mohammedan Youth.

THE children of Moslems are early taught to reverence their parents. After a certain age, the child salutes the father upon entering the room, by kissing the hand, and he remains standing until he has permission to sit or depart. They are taught from infancy to cherish a tender affection for the mother, and this feature of their character they retain through life. The father commences instructing his son as soon as he is of sufficient age in the religion of the Prophet, teaching him the Kalimah or profession of faith and the prayers. He instructs him how to take his food, in what manner he is to dress, and how he is to demean himself in the presence of others. He is taught never to speak ill of any one, nor to talk too much, never to turn his back upon another, nor to eat too much, and never to spit in any assembly.

LIGHTS AND SHADES.

The gloomiest day hath gleams of light;
The darkest wave hath bright foam near it;
And twinkles through the cloudless night,
Some solitary star to cheer it.

The gloomiest soul is not all gloom;
The saddest heart is not all sadness;
And sweetly o'er the darkest doom,
There shines the lingering beam of gladness.

Despair is never quite despair;
Nor life, nor death the future closes;
And round the shadowy brow of Care,
Will Hope and Fancy twine their roses.

Exercise of the Mind.

PERSONS who are much employed in pursuits involving manual labor, says an old philosopher, are apt to undervalue the necessity of exercising their minds more fully than the mere thinkings immediately connected with their pursuits. To such we would say, your power of applying your mind intently to any subject, will be in exact proportion to the amount of exercise you have given it. The arm of the blacksmith, or the leg of the dancing master, increases in size by its exercise, and the brain of the lawyer gains activity and strength from a similar cause. Even the eye may be improved in the exercise of its functions by use. Thus the artist and the dealer in dry goods, both remember and observe colors with greater exactness than those not so employed. Go to our prisons and observe those who have worked in silence for many years at some monotonous occupation, without the opportunity of listening to conversations, or of referring to books, without change of scene or other cause for the exercise of thought, and you will invariably find that they have lessened in the power of thinking; their memories and indeed every quality of their minds will be found to have deteriorated.—With such facts as these fairly ascertained, is it not both slothful and sinful for farmers to doze away their evenings in a sort of half consciousness, and then retire to bed like tired beasts of burden, instead of spending a single hour at least, each evening, in a healthy and proper exercise of their minds? If this exercise have relation to the affairs of the farm, arising out of judicious reading, you will profit more by it than by a similar amount of bodily exercise. Indeed, its beneficial effects will pervade all your doings. The necessity for this advice is rapidly passing away, but we all know that our industrious farmers have been apt to over-labor and under-think—excusing themselves for such negligence by urging their fatigue as the cause. Farms of any extent require that the person having them in charge should not so over-labor, as to have no time for thought; one half hour per day, applied to reading agricultural improvements, will give rise to methods for saving more than the value of the time so spent, in addition to its beneficial effect on the mind.

THE SECRET OF EDUCATION.—Repetition is the mother of all culture. Like the fresco painter, let the educator lay his colors on the wet chalk; they will dry in, indeed, but he will renew them again and again, until they remain and bloom forever.—*Richter*.

THE LITERARY UNION.

SYRACUSE:

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1849.

A stout heart, a clear conscience, and never despair.

W. L. PALMER, is our authorized Agent.

HOME LITERATURE.

It has long been the impression that the little island of Great Britain must furnish to the American Republic the great staple of a Living Literature. Consequently, our money-loving publishers and purchasers, have prevented an international copyright law; consequently, our American writers have struggled on, amid all the disadvantages resulting from this overgrown monopoly of a morally controbanded merchandise.

But, notwithstanding all these difficulties, an American, a home literature has, to some extent, appeared. Its authorship and publication are, however, confined to a very limited portion of our country. Our desire is, to aid in enlarging this limited sphere—to extend not only the area of freedom, but also the area of our mental manufactures,—to make a literary, educational, and family journal for central and western New-York, which its citizens can look upon as peculiarly their own.

Here is sufficient of unwritten truth, to surpass in interest, whole Libraries of European fiction. Why may not this portion of our country be as celebrated for what it says, as for what it does? for its mental products as for its physical? Here are thousands of minds of the highest order—here are untreasured thoughts, well worthy of immortality. Our humble mountains, our beautiful vallies, our streams, and our crystal sheets of inland sea, may yet become vocal with the voices of genius, and embalmed forever, on account of the sacred treasures here collected by immortal mind.

For such glorious results, perhaps centuries will be needed; but it will nevertheless be accomplished. It is surely written on the seal of the future, and will inevitably transpire. Let us remember, that in this great work, every additional impulse will hasten the day, and brighten its dawn. In this work, we hope the "Literary Union" will prove to be an humble pioneer. In this work, we hope to receive, not only the pecuniary aid requisite to such an enterprise, but also the literary assistance of well qualified writers, in the several departments of our paper. To such, we say, let your best thoughts aid in making the "Literary Union" really *deserve* the place it is intended to occupy; and to the public generally, we say, if we meet your wants, and your wishes—*patronize us*.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

The Summer Term commences on the second Monday of May. There are still four vacancies, we learn, in this County. Those wishing to prepare for teaching, cannot do better than avail themselves of the rare advantages the Institution offers. Applications should be made to the Town Superintendent of Schools.

TEACHERS' INSTITUTE.

This body adjourned at noon, on Saturday, April 14, after a session of one week; about one hundred and seventy-five teachers were present, all apparently deeply imbued with the true spirit, and ready to receive or impart instruction.—The utmost harmony prevailed, and no time was wasted in useless discussion. The appointed Teachers and Lecturers, were promptly in attendance, and generally prepared for their work.

We think that the plan of dividing into classes and having regular class exercises, which was pursued, is the correct one. In this way, general principles upon almost all subjects, are presented, difficult points in teaching elucidated, and different modes of imparting instruction drawn out.—The Institute organized on Monday, at 10 o'clock, and continued its sessions of seven hours a day, until Friday night.

Class exercises were given, in the following branches; viz:—Primary Teaching, Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Grammar, Physiology, Natural History, Astronomy, and Teaching. Lectures were delivered, during the evenings, upon practical subjects. As usual, the forenoon of Saturday was spent in the transaction of miscellaneous business. A few changes in text books were made, and the county list rendered more complete.

A resolution in favor of Free Schools, was unanimously adopted, the customary votes of thanks were passed, the President made a few closing remarks, and the Institute adjourned.—We have little to say in favor of Teacher's Institutes, for their good work is becoming so manifest, and their labors so well appreciated, that they seem to form an almost indispensable part of our system of Education. Our county sets a noble example to others, in the large number of teachers present, their promptitude in attendance, and above all, by their depending entirely upon themselves for teachers and lecturers. Foreign aid is procured when convenient, but no delay happens, when it is not obtained. Ample arrangements have been made to ensure a profitable Session in the fall, commencing the first Monday in October.

OUR MOTTO.

Every young man should adopt for his motto, the last words of John Quincy Adams, to his son, which we place at the head of our Editorial columns, this week.

HOME ITEMS.

Mrs. BUTLER gives two readings in this city, on Friday and Saturday evenings, May 4th and 5th.

Ladies wishing to seek husbands in California, can obtain all necessary information respecting Mrs. Farnham's expedition, from Dr. Richardson, Warren street.

William Jackson succeeds William W. Teall as Postmaster in this city. One of the clerks, not favorable, doubtless, to the *hard currency* principle, is facetious on this change of policy, and notifies us that "*Bills*" will be *changed* there, in a few days.

The time of starting for the morning train of cars east, has been changed to 8 1-4 o'clock.

GLEANINGS.

A den of counterfeiters was lately broken up in Canada, and their materials destroyed.

The editor of the Times wants to see the stick with which the clock struck one.

It is said that Dr. Dick intends to visit America.

A machine for printing words nearly as fast as they can be written, has been invented by a Baltimore gentleman.

Miss Read, niece of the late Col. Fanning, intends to succeed Mrs. Butler, in N. Y. city, with another series of Shakspearean readings.

Vice President Fillmore has gone west.

Dr. Baird is to deliver his lectures in Philadelphia.

Dr. Moore, of Mobile, has been curing Cholera with tobacco.

Kate Hastings, who cowhided 'Ned Buntline,' in New York, has been fined *six cents*.

The Sandwich Islanders are suffering from the measles.

It is rumored that the Mexican Congress donates \$25,000 to the Pope of Rome.

There have been several inches of snow in Philadelphia.

A new paper is to be started at Washington; perhaps for the Administration organ.

A Board of eight Commissioners is appointed for the establishment of an Agricultural School, in this state.

The Turkish empire in Europe and Asia contains 577,000 square miles, and 17,000,000 inhabitants.

The pay of an Austrian soldier is four cents a day!

Louis Napoleon requires all his servants and attendants to attend church on Sunday, where a Corsican abbe performs service.

As an example of the rapid advance of New Zealand, it may be noticed that the public omnibuses ply up and down the streets of Wellington.

Bajocchi, the orderly of the French President, has gone to Vienna, to obtain the ashes of Napoleon's son.

A college for the education of Christian youth, is about to be established in Calcutta, under the auspices of the Congregational church in England. The missionaries of the London missionary society, have nearly 800 pupils.

The Baptists of New Jersey contemplate establishing a Literary Institution to educate the youth of their own denomination in that state.

Sir Robert Peel has proposed a scheme for the relief of Ireland.

The farm of the West Roxbury Association has been sold for \$19,000, and the company dissolved.

The London public have found a favorite to supply the place of Jenny Lind. Her name is Alboni.

Travelers can now leave Sandusky, O., at 5 o'clock A. M., on the cars, and reach Cincinnati in the evening.

A new comet has been discovered by Mr. Bond, at Cambridge.

A Mass Temperance Convention is to be held at Cincinnati on the 15th May.

There has been a re-union of the Democratic party in Wisconsin, on the Free Soil Platform.

The Board of Education for New York city, is building a school house on a new plan at a cost of \$14,302.

By a recent law of our Legislature, business performed on the 4th of July, New Years, Christmas, and Thanksgiving, is no more valid than if done on a Sunday.

Literary.

NEW BOOKS.

MARDI: AND A VOYAGE THITHER. BY HERMAN MELVILLE. New York: Harper and Brothers; 2 vol. 12 mo.

These volumes have been laid upon our table by Messrs. WYNKOOP & BROTHER. To those who have read "Typee" and "Omoo," the name of Herman Melville is a sufficient advertisement of the work. It seems that the author, somewhat amused at the skepticism of many touching the truth of his former works, resolved, in his own words, upon "writing a romance of Polynesian adventure, and publishing it as such; to see whether the fiction might not, possibly, be received as a verity;" "and this thought," he continues, "was the germ of others, which have resulted in MARDI."

We have not been able to read this book as thoroughly as we would wish; nor is it necessary. Its chief interest, as in the case of its predecessors, consists in the freshness and peculiarity of style; and it matters but little what are the incidents, so long as they are pleasingly told. One characteristic of this style, which has been pointed out to us, we will mention, viz: the facility with which the sentences may be transposed into an irregular versification, retaining a measure as perfect as that of "Thalaba" or any similar effort. The same thing is peculiar to many of Dickens' stories, and is interesting as a curiosity, at least, if, indeed, it may not furnish the philologist with a basis for investigating the philosophy of metrical construction. We subjoin two specimens, taken at random.

The first occurs on page 374, vol. II:

Following the maidens, we now took our way
Along a winding vale;
Where, by sweet scented hedges, flowed
Blue braided brooks;
Their tributaries, rivulets of violets,
Meandering through the woods.

On one hand,
Forever glowed the rosy mountains, with
A tropic dawn;
And on the other, lay an arctic eye;
[The] white daisies, drifted in long banks of snow,
And snowed the blossoms from the orange boughs.
There, Summer breathed her bridal bloom,
Her hill tops crowned with bridal wreaths.

We wandered on
Through orchards, arched in long arcades,
That seemed baronial halls, hung o'er with
trophies;—

So spread the boughs, in antlers.
This orchard was the frontlet of the isle.
The fruit hung high in air
That only beaks, not hands, might pluck.

The next extract is the close of the work:

"He's seized the helm!
Eternity is in his eye!
Yoomy: for our lives we now must swim."

And plunging, they struck out for land;
Yoomy buoying Mohi up,

And the salt waves
Dashing the tear-drops from his pallid face,
As through the sand
He turned it on me, mournfully.

"Now, I am my own soul's emperor;

And my first act is abdication!

Hail! realm of shades!"

And turning my prow into the racing tide,
Which seized me like a hand omnipotent,
I darted through.

Churned in foam,
That outer ocean lashed the clouds;
And straight in my white wake,
Headlong dashed a shallop,
Three fixed specters leaning o'er its prow,
Three arrows poisoning.

And thus, pursuers and pursued flew on,
Over an endless sea.

BROCKELSBY'S METEOROLOGY. Pratt, Woodford & Co. New York, 1849.

This is a work giving a full and clear explanation of the Phenomena of the Atmosphere, designed for Academies and Schools. It is recommended by Profs. Olmstead and Silliman, of Yale College, and others equally qualified to judge of the merits of the work. We have not had time to give it a careful examination, but are favorably impressed by its appearances, and would recommend it to the notice of teachers. The subject is one which ought to interest every one, and we believe might be extensively introduced into the county schools, with decided advantage.

To be found at the Bookstores.

AN ELEMENTARY ASTRONOMY, for Academies and Schools. Illustrated by numerous original diagrams, and adapted to use either with or without the author's large Maps. By H. Mattison New York: Huntington and Savage, 1849.

We have carefully examined this work of Mr. Mattison, and believe it to be, decidedly, the best work upon Descriptive Astronomy which has yet come to our notice.

The large Maps of Mr. Mattison, we have always considered, as being of great value, and should recommend their use, wherever they can be obtained. But the price forbids their introduction into the smaller country schools, and the present edition of the work is designed to preclude their necessity. New and splendid illustrations are introduced into the body of the work.

We are glad to see that the Onondaga County Teachers' Institute have added this to their list of text Books.

NATURAL HISTORY OF BEASTS; with engravings, on a new plan, exhibiting their comparative size. NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS; with engravings, on a new plan, exhibiting their comparative size.

We have upon our table two works bearing the above titles, by J. L. Comstock, New York; Pratt Woodford & Co. They are written in a popular style, and are well calculated to create an interest in this almost totally neglected branch of science. Children will much more readily acquire a taste for study by pursuing such subjects, than by taking those of a more abstruse nature. The new style of engravings is an admirable feature, giving the child a correct idea of the comparative size of all classes of Beasts and Birds. We hope that all teachers will examine the work for themselves.

To be found at the Bookstores.

A new paper to be called "THE ERA" has been commenced in New-York City, by an Association of Editors, Reporters and Contributors to the city press.

MEMORIES OF MY YOUTH: By A. De Lamartine New-York: Harper and Brothers.

This anxiously looked for work, has at last made its appearance, and we are convinced by a cursory examination, that it will well repay a careful perusal. It is the history of the thoughts and feelings of genius, the internal life of a man, who, when the elements of society were upturned from their foundation, came forth at the call of humanity, and reckless of danger himself, prevented the repetition of the bloody horror of the first Revolution.

This great man, who has been the center of attraction, for the gaze of the world, thus speaks of his mother and of early impressions.

"My mother was not precisely what is understood by a woman of genius in the present age, when women have risen to such an elevation of thought, of style, and of talent, in all departments of literature. She never even made any pretensions to be such. She never exercised her pen on such vast subjects. She never forced, by dint of reflection, the easy and elastic springs of her imagination. She never laid claim either to the profession or the art of the superior women of the present day.

"Her superiority was not in her head but in her soul. It is in the heart that God has placed the genius of woman, because the works of this genius are all labors of love. Tenderness, purity, courage, heroism, kindness, devotion, self-denial, a serenity full of feeling, but subduing by faith and by reflection all inward struggles—such were the features of that lofty genius, which all those who approached her felt in her life and not in her written works. It was only by the attraction she exercised over them that they felt themselves overruled in her presence. It was a superiority which they recognized only in venerating it.

"The predominant feeling of this heart was a boundless, tender, and consoling sense of the Infinite. She was too sensible, and too large-minded, for the miserable petty ambitions of the world. She was a sojourner in it, but not an inhabitant of it. This sense of the Infinite in all objects, and, above all, in love, was converted in her mind into an invocation and a perpetual aspiration to Him who is the source of it, that is, to God. One might say that she lived in God, as much as it is permitted to any creature to do so.

"Her religion, like her genius, was wholly centered in her soul. She believed humbly, she loved ardently, she hoped firmly. Her faith was an act of virtue, and not an act of reason. She looked on it as the gift of God, received from the hands of her mother, and which it would have been culpable in her to examine, or to allow to be tossed about by every breath which crossed her path.

"And then she was born pious, as others are born poets. Her piety was her nature; the love of God her passion! But this passion, by the immensity of its object, and by the very security of its enjoyment, was serene, happy, and tender, like all her other passions.

"This piety was the portion of herself which she desired the most ardently to communicate to us. To make us creatures of God in spirit and in truth, was the most cherished wish of her motherly heart. In this, also, she succeeded without system, and without effort, and with that marvelous skill of nature which no artifice can equal. Her piety, which flowed from every breath she drew—from every action and from every gesture—enveloped us, as it were, in an atmosphere of heaven here below. We believed that God was behind her, and that we were about to hear him, and to see him, as she seemed herself to hear, and see him, and converse with him in each impression of the day. God formed for us, as it were, one of our circle. He was born in us with our earliest and most undying impressions. We never remembered not to have known him.—There never was a day when we had not been spoken of him. We had always seen him forming one with our mother and ourselves."

For Sale at WYNKOOP'S.

INTELLIGENCE.

What the Literary Men are Doing in Boston.

MR. PRESCOTT is getting together his materials for the History of Philip II, but is not so far advanced in its progress as to warrant the reports so current of late that his next work is "nearly ready" for publication. If the Harpers issue a complete copy in '55, the author will have done a great work in a brief space of time. The historian looks in fine health, and may be seen any morning before breakfast, with his ruddy face made fresher by exercise, rapidly walking around the Common or on the street toward Roxbury. His library room in Beacon-street is a superb apartment, admirably arranged, containing many splendid tributes to his genius from abroad.

MR. LONGFELLOW is bringing "Kavanaugh" through the press, and any one who have seen his portrait may recognize him on Saturday mornings most generally seated at his publisher's in Washington-st. His residence is in Cambridge, where he is said to entertain his many friends with a hospitality not usually available among poets. No writer has more personal popularity, aside from that which his genius always commands.

MR. EMERSON, since his return from Europe, is rarely seen about town, preferring the airs of Concord to those of Boston. His presence anywhere in the city is a marked one, and the *understanding* few rally about his lips like bees, when he opens those musical leaves of thought and wit.

MR. HAWTHORNE seldom lights up the haunts of Bostonians with his fine eyes. Busily occupied in the Salem Custom-House, he finds but little leisure for a Railway trip over a sixteen miles' road. His "Twice-Told Tales" should be increased in the number of volumes, but it is doubtful if he intends an addition to his fame in that department at present.

MR. SARGENT sits in the Editorial Chair as staid and steady as if he had never written those stirring songs and ballads which, to hear read or sung, always send the best blood of a listener pulsing about his heart.—The Poet-Editor resides in a delightful cottage in Roxbury.

WHITTIER is seen now and then in town, but he is shy of the city, and seldom leaves Amesbury, his quiet residence, for many days. Washington-st. got a rapid glimpse of him last week, but he flitted again before it closed. His last prose work, "Margaret Smith's Journal," increases in popularity, and has had already a great circulation.

MR. EVERETT is looking less pale than usual, and his intellectual front loses nothing by time. His last oratorical effort was as brilliant as any of his far-famed previous ones in earlier years. That he is engaged in some literary production, has long been rumored, but what it is nobody in the latitude of State st. can divine.

MR. CHOATE is making splendid speeches in Court, and has hardly time to allow his early walks to encroach on his daily labors. His lecture suggested by Macaulay's History of England was a performance twenty coming years may not match again in our cold climate.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, the Poet, Professor and Physician, is reaping a wide reputation everywhere for his great acquirements and skill. Late English Reviews speak of him as one of the most accurate Physiologists of the present day.—*Tribune*.

WASHINGTON IRVING, is preparing a Life of Mohammed.

A new edition of Cooper's novels is to be issued by PUTNAM.

TUCKERMAN is collecting his fugitive poems for publication.

H. W. HERBERT, is getting out a finely illustrated Work on Fishing.

WILLIS' "Rural Letters" is out.

Education.

THE CLAIMS OF COMMON SCHOOLS.

After a nation has provided for the common material wants of protection, food, shelter, clothing, and the like, the most important work is to educate the rising generation. To do this is not merely a duty which the father owes to his own child, but which Society, in virtue of its Eminent Paternity, owes to every child born in its bosom. The right of the State to control alike person and property, is continually set forth, till it often comes to be considered as superior to Reason and Conscience; but the Duty of the State to watch over the culture of its children is too often forgot. But this Duty is coextensive with the Right, and both grow out of the relation of sovereignty which the State holds over the individuals that compose it.

It has always been acknowledged that Society owes something to each person subject to its power. In the rudest ages of social existence it is felt to be the duty of the State to protect, as far as possible, the Lives of its citizens from the violence of a public enemy from abroad, or a private enemy at home. Next it becomes recognized as a natural duty to protect also the Property of each man, as well as his Person: then the State admits its obligation to aid all its citizens or subjects in their Religious Culture, and so, in some form or other, provides for the Public Worship of the God of the State. There is no government in Europe which does not admit all these obligations. All have established Armies, Jails, and Churches, with their appropriate furniture, to protect the Persons and Property of their subjects, and do something to advance their Religious Culture. At a period of social progress considerably more advanced, the State first admits it is a public duty of the sovereign power to defend a man from Want, and save him from starvation, not only in times of famine and war, but in the ordinary state of things. At a period of progress still more recent, it is also recognized as a public duty to look after the Education of all the children of the State.—This duty rests on the same foundation with the others. At this day it is admitted by all civilians, that each citizen has a right to claim of his State protection for Property and Person; Food enough, likewise, to keep him from perishing—on condition that he does what he can to protect himself. In New England and most of the enlightened states of the world, it is also admitted that each child has a Right, likewise, to claim of the State an opportunity of acquiring the rudiments of Education, which is to be placed within the reach of all. The answer to this question we will attempt to give in another part of this article, only premising here, that in a progressive people the zero point of Education is continually rising;—what was once the Maximum of hope, one day becomes the Minimum of suffering.

In New England it has long been admitted in practice, though not proclaimed in our political theories, that the State owes each child in it a chance to obtain the average education, so far as schools can secure that attainment. Our scheme of Public Education of the People is one of the most original things in America. In Literature and Science America has hitherto shown little invention, and has achieved little worth mentioning. In business, the nation is eminently creative, and in Politics we are the most original of nations, both in respect of Ideas and the forms in which they become actual. With these exceptions, the New England scheme of Public Education, now extended over most of the free states, is the most original thing which America has produced.—Take New England as a whole with the states which have descended from her—her public free schools are the noblest monument of the character of the people; of their industry, their foresight, their vigorous and thrifty manhood. New England has been complimented for her ships, her roads of earth and iron—her factories, her towns, and her shops; she has often looked with pride on her churches, once the dwelling-place of such piety, and long the bulwark of civil freedom in the new world; but she has far more reason to be proud—if aught human may be proud—of her Common Schools. These are more honorable to her head and heart, than even the great political and

legal institutions which have grown around them, and above them, often, but always out of the same soil.

At the first settlement of America, it was not possible for the infant state, struggling for existence, to spend much time in the education of the children; yet, considering all things, the ideal set up in New England, in the seventeenth century, was exceedingly high, and the achievement, likewise, greater than a sanguine man would have dared predict. At this day, the intelligence of the mass is much enhanced, and the wealth thereof is prodigiously increased. The zero-point of Public Education has also risen.

This may be laid down as a maxim—that it is the duty of Society to afford every child born in it a chance of obtaining the best education which the genius of the child is capable of receiving, and the wealth and intelligence of Society are capable of bestowing. It seems to us, from the very nature of man and of Society, that each child has just as good a claim for this as for protection from violence or starvation. Much, doubtless, will be possible in the way of education, a hundred years hence, not thought of now; but *now* much is possible which is not attempted—much not even hoped for. When the opportunity for obtaining even a liberal culture is afforded to all, is there danger that men will leave the laborious callings of life, and rush to what are called the educated professions? Quite the contrary. There will always be five hundred good carpenters to one good philosopher or poet. There are but few men who have an innate preference for being lawyers, ministers, and doctors, rather than farmers, shoemakers, and blacksmiths. Many are now in the professions solely because these offered a chance for some liberal culture which the trade did not afford, though otherwise far more attractive. When education is thought equally necessary for the Farmer and the Lawyer, and all honest and useful callings equally honorable, there is more danger that the office be neglected than the field;—we may safely count on more corn and less litigation.

Now the foundation of the Public Education of the People must be laid in the Common Schools. Take the whole population of any northern state, perhaps not more than an eighth part of the people receive any instruction from any private school. The faults, then, of the Common Schools will show themselves in the character of the people, and that in a single generation.

The Common Schools, therefore, are the most important institutions of New England. If there had been none such for two hundred years past, the mass of men would have been unable to read, and write, and calculate; those attainments would be the monopoly of a few men of superior wealth or superior natural ability. As the natural consequence, Agriculture would have been in a poor state; Commerce in a poor state; Manufactures a hundred years behind their present condition.—There would not be the signs of life, activity, thrift, of continual progress, visible all over the New England states. The crowds which in Boston now attend the lectures of the Lowell Institute, and other means of instructive or refined amusement, would seek their entertainment in a Bull-fight, or a Bear-baiting; perhaps in a Man-fight of Bruisers in a ring, or a Soldier-baiting on the Common. Public lectures would be as rare in Boston, as in Montreal, Halifax, or even New Orleans and Naples. The government would not be a Democracy, getting more and more democratic, but a Despotism in the form of a Monarchy or Aristocracy; a government over all, but by a few, and against the interest of the many. The Few and the Strong would own the bodies of the Weak and the Many in New England, as well as in South Carolina and Morocco. There would not be a hundred churches in Boston, filled by intelligent men of more than a hundred different ways of thinking on religious matter—each claiming freedom of conscience; but three or four magnificent and costly temples, in which the ignorant and squalid people, agape for miracles, ridden by their rulers, and worse ridden by their priests, met to adore some relic of a Saint—the pocket-handkerchief of the Mother of God, and the nail from the cross, or from the horse the Queen of Sheba did not ride, a hair from Saint Joseph's beard, or perhaps the seamless coat of Christ!

The city would swarm with monks dedicated to ignorance and filthiness, and religiously fulfilling at least that part of their vow. There would be slaves in New England, not black slaves alone, but white; Freedom would be in few hands; Land in few hands; Education in few hands; Power in few hands; Comfort and Virtue in few hands. New England might then be the Heaven of the Rich and the Noble, the Purgatory of the Wise and the Good, but the Hell of the Poor and the Weak.

If there had never been any public schools for girls in New England, then the majority of women would have had the monopoly of ignorance. They would be the slaves of the men; not their companions. The hardest and most revolting work, in the streets, the scows, and the drains, would be performed by the hands of sisters, wives, mothers. Woman would be the victim of Lust, of Intemperance, of every crime—trod down into the dust, but poisoning still the oppressive foot.

On the other hand, if the Public Schools could have been better—could have been as good and well attended in 1748 as now, New England would have gained, perhaps, at the least, fifty years. Where would have been the Intemperance, the Pauperism, the Crime—which now prey on Society? We should not need so many jails, and five thousand magistrates of the Police in Massachusetts. We should not have a Nation with so little shame and so much to be ashamed of; a Press so corrupt and debasing. Business would be marked by an activity wiser and yet greater, and by its purer morals; the Churches would be far other than what now they are; the amount of intelligent activity might be tenfold what it is now, and that tenfold activity would show itself in all departments of human concern—in a tenfold morality, comfort, order, and welfare in general.—*Massachusetts Quarterly Review.*

From the N. Y. Tribune.

A MANN THAT IS A MAN.

A recent report of a Committee of the Legislature of Massachusetts, on Education, presents some facts in regard to Mr. Mann's self-sacrificing efforts in behalf of the cause of Education, which are worthy of a wider promulgation. The order which occasioned this report was passed in January, without any consultation with Mr. Mann, but at the instance of certain members, who were acquainted with the fact of the State's pecuniary indebtedness to him. The Committee were empowered to send for persons and papers, and the result was a report of which we find a convenient abstract in the *Springfield Republican*:

"When Mr. Mann entered upon the office of Secretary to the Board of Education no provision was made for postages and stationery. These heavy bills he paid from his private purse. And when provision was made for these items, he never charged the State half their cost, lest the expense might excite opposition to the office. During the whole twelve years he served, not a cent was allowed him for office-rent or clerk-hire. During the first five years, he paid from his own salary the expenses incurred in travelling over the State for educational purposes—occupying about four months each year. When the Normal School-house was erected at Bridgewater, the funds proved insufficient, and Mr. Mann advanced \$640 from his own purse. When money was wanted, to the amount of five or six hundred dollars, for furnishing the boarding house, at the Lexington Normal School, Mr. Mann sold his law library, and furnished the required sum. He also forwarded money for the establishment of the School at Westfield; to what amount it is not known. But Josiah Quincy, Jr., testifies that at the time, Mr. Mann borrowed of him \$2,000, for which he is still liable, saying that he wanted it for the schools at Bridgewater and Westfield.—Mr. Quincy remonstrated against his making so large a sacrifice, but Mr. Mann insisted upon the loan, gave him good security, and forbade his applying to any individuals or to the State on the subject. Other items of his voluntary outlays, amounting to upward of \$500, are enumerated.

"Dutton & Wentworth, State Printers, testify that whenever Mr. Mann wanted extra copies of his own Annual Reports, he invariably had them charged to his private account; that he was scrupulously careful to have the printing in his department, for which the State paid, executed in the most economical manner; and that he himself paid them \$75 or \$100 for printing Educational documents to be circulated gratuitously. It is also added that he was very careful always to pay the postage and express charges on letters and proof-sheets, while his Reports were printing. The testimony is remarkable as showing his sense of honor in regard to the most trivial matter. In the words which he himself applied to another, he has been 'careful to shake the gold-dust from his garments, whenever he had occasion to go into the public mint.'

"The deficit from the publication of the Common School Journal was supplied from Mr. Mann's well-drained purse. He has paid for many copies to be distributed gratuitously, and has continued to edit the work without compensation. When he went to Europe for educational researches and information, his expenses exceeded his salary \$1,000 or \$1500. But the results of his travels were given to the State in his Seventh Annual Report.

"Such is an imperfect sketch of the pecuniary sacrifices made by Mr. Mann. During all this time, it should be remembered that the entire salary he received from the State was \$1500 per annum; although the Committee have discovered that Hon. Edmund Dwight, ever a liberal patron of the cause of education, was in the habit of making a generous addition to this meagre salary, and that he continues to do so for the present Secretary.

"Appended to the Report of the Committee is a resolve ordering the payment to Mr. Mann of \$2,000."

MUSICAL.

ERNST.

A Leipzig correspondent of "Excelsior," thus discourses, touching the great violinist.

"The present lion of Leipzig is ERNST, the great violinist,—said to have received the mantle of the inimitable Paganini. Never were the Germans so enthusiastic—and his concerts are crowded by the elite of the city, who seem to have forsaken everything in the flush of their enthusiasm. Men who have lived through numbers of public excitements, and whose hearts had responded to the soul-stirring notes of Linley, Malabran, Lind, and whose cheeks have warmed by the genius of Mozart, Beethoven, and the great Paganini, have had the fire of youth revived, and thronged the concerts of the great ERNST—where, for the moment, they forgot their age and again dreamed of infancy. Children have forsaken their playthings and jostled with their elders, in the hope of receiving that thrill which real genius is sure to awake in our hearts. All is neglected for ERNST. Never, till now, did I know the magic of the violin. When touched by the inspiration of genius, it ceases to be a thing of earth; it is life—and by its aid the soul of the inspired kindles an echo in our own hearts. He raises his bow, and thousands hold their breaths entranced. We feel a sympathy with that humble instrument; it speaks to us in the language that nature interprets;—and while the "fit is on," we acknowledge ourselves in his power. Such is genius.

"A Yankee friend of ours, who would sooner miss his breakfast, dinner, supper, and lodging, than to be deprived of a single opportunity of hearing him, on my enquiring what he thought of the great violinist, replied with characteristic bluntness: "Think of him? Why, I believe him to be an own brother of old Satan himself—or how could he have such a wondrous charm over our hearts? Ah!"—rubbing his hands—"but don't he make the old shoe-strings talk?"

As he that knows how to put proper words in proper places evinces the truest knowledge of books, so he that knows how to put fit persons in fit places evinces the truest knowledge of men.

Agriculture.

AGRICULTURAL DISTRICTS OF N. Y.

New-York may be divided into six agricultural districts, each of which has a few characteristics sufficiently well marked to establish a peculiarity, and distinguish it as a separate agricultural region.

1. The Highland districts, comprising the Northern and the Southern highland districts;
2. The Eastern District, which approaches the Hudson river, with its western boundary running parallel to the same;
3. The Mohawk and Hudson valleys;
4. The Western district;
5. The Southern district; and
6. The Atlantic district.

Without placing much stress upon the importance of this subdivision, I barely remark that there are geological features belonging to each, which can not be disregarded, and which will be given to the reader in the proper places. It is now my design to state the peculiarities which belong to surface only, or the facts relating to elevation and depression, or what would more immediately arrest the attention of a traveller passing over those particular districts.

1. THE HIGHLAND DISTRICTS are widely separated from each other, but possess characters in common.

1. The NORTHERN HIGHLAND DISTRICT, is bounded north by the parallel of 45°; on the northeast, it extends to Rand's hill in Clinton county; on the east, it is bounded by Lake Champlain from Trembleau point south to Fort-Ann; on the southeast and south, by a line running from the latter point southwest to Littlefalls, southwest and west by a line running from Littlefalls to Thera falls on Indian river, and on the northwest by a line from the latter place to near Chateaugay corners. The space included within these boundary lines is an irregular polygon, and embraces formations belonging to the primary divisions or classes. The soil is generally derived from granite and gneiss; is thin upon the higher grounds, but of sufficient depth in the valleys, and is every where covered by a black vegetable mould. But what distinguishes this district from all others, is its height above tide, and the multitude of its sharp peaks and ridges. Its greatest height is near the sources of the Hudson, Ausable, Racket, Black and Mohawk rivers, all of which rise as it were upon the same table land, but are destined to distant portions of the State, and to be lost in waters in opposite points of the compass. This district therefore slopes in all directions from a culminating point, is steeper upon the east than upon the west, and is the great reservoir from whence a large portion of the State is watered. The highest point exceeds five thousand feet, which is gained at Mount Marcy in the Adirondack group, situated about forty miles west of Port Henry on Lake Champlain.

This region is of but little agricultural interest at present; is entirely clothed with forest, a large proportion of which is spruce, fir, tamarack and pine, intermixed with poplar, white birch, red and black cherry, beech, maple, ash, black oak, and, in more favored exposures, bass, butternut and hickory. Ascending the highest summits, we find an alpine region, where reindeer-moss and other lichens abound, and snow remains until midsummer, and where the small pools of water upon the rocks freeze every night during the year.

This region is at least one hundred miles long and seventy or eighty broad. The table land from which the individual mountains spring, is from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above tide. The ascent is gradual from all sides, and in fact hardly perceptible, and the traveller at the base of these peaks does not suspect that he has already overcome one-third of their height. This highland district, in its present condition, sheds a succession of powerful influences, partly beneficial and partly injurious, upon the vegetation of the adjoining districts. The beneficial influences are derived from the abundance of water which the district affords; it furnishes the head-springs which irrigate one-third of New-York.—

The injurious influences come from the reduction of temperature, the cold snowy winter, and the unreasonable frosts of the earlier and later parts of the summer. Testing the capabilities of it as an agricultural district, it is found that oats, peas, barley, rye and wheat may be raised. The two first may be regarded as constant crops; the others thrive best the two first years after clearing. Indian corn, of the varieties used as far south as the metropolis of the State, is greatly endangered by frosts, and is rarely ripened. It is not owing to any defects in composition of the soil that this district is comparatively unimportant, but to the low and variable temperature. The hills, however, will afford good pasturage, and herds of cattle and flocks of sheep may one day give life and animation where the silence of the day is broken only by the rustling of the wind through an unbroken forest.

2. The SOUTHERN HIGHLAND DISTRICT possesses many of the same characters as those of the northern. Being, however, of less extent, and far inferior in height, it exerts comparatively little influence on the surrounding country. This district is known as the Highlands of the Hudson, the Hudson river having found a passage through them. It embraces parts of three counties, Rockland, Putnam and Westchester. The highest elevations are unsuited to cultivation, from the rough broken state of the surface, and the want of sufficient covering to the projecting rocks. At the base, however, the surface, although yet frequently broken, is productive, and not subject to unreasonable frosts. The mountains and hills can not be said to stand upon an elevated table land, but rise immediately from a platform whose height is nearly upon the sea level. In this particular, therefore, the southern highlands differ from the northern; and in consequence of their limited area, they require only a passing notice as an agricultural district.

SHADE TREES.—Who will not plant a Tree?—The Toledo Blade very pleasantly hits off a patriot-citizen's labors:—

"In our rambles through the city on Saturday last, we discovered an intelligent and sensible gentleman laboring with all his might! Do you ask, how do we know that he was intelligent and sensible? We answer, by his works! He was planting shade trees around his house."

The Crops.

We learn from the farmers in this neighborhood, that the prospects of a fine crop of grain are very encouraging.—*Pittsburgh Morn. Post.*

In Maryland the prospects are also very fine. The *Bronsboro' (Md.) Odd Fellow* says:

"From a short tour, for several days last week, through different sections of the country, we discover that the grain looks very promising, and bids fair to be an excellent crop. The farmers, from every section, tell us that grain never looked better at so early a period. From Frederick County and elsewhere, we hear the same gratifying prospects."

The *Cleveland Plaindealer* thus notices the appearance of the crops in that State:

"A friend, just returned from Shelby county, says that in Richland, Crawford, Delaware and Marion counties, the wheat looks bad, but in the southern tier of counties, it is reported better. It is rather too early to judge what this crop may be, as the season is unusually backward."

Wheat in Michigan.—The *Detroit Bulletin* has the following:—

Prospects of the New Wheat Crop.—Since the snow has disappeared, the wheat sown last Fall, throughout the western portion of the State, looks fine. Should there be no infliction upon it by insects, it may be said it never looked more promising at this early season. The recent rain was much needed in some sections—particularly on the openings.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your cool, dissembling, smiling hypocrite, of whom you should beware. There is no deceit about the bull-dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back's turned.

News.

FOREIGN.

ENGLAND.

Parliament is still discussing the Navigation Bill. The Canada troubles continue to excite interest.

FRANCE.

Every thing remains quiet. Preparations for the elections are being made by all parties.

Proudhon has been condemned by a jury, for libelling the President, but has fled the country. Duchesne is also convicted, and sentenced to one year's imprisonment.

Barbes, Blanqui, Flocon, Sobrier, Raspail, and Quintin have been convicted at Bourges; and Barbes and Albert are sentenced to transportation for life, Blanqui and others to ten years' imprisonment each. Gen. Soutier, Degre, Bowne, Thomas, Laclain, and Larges, have been acquitted and are set at liberty. Causidiere, Louis Blanc, Hencrere, Lavison, Napoleon Chancel, and Zigneuret, not having appeared, have been condemned *par contumace* and have been sentenced to transportation.

M. Proudhon's journal has again been seized.—This paper seems to set all Governments at defiance.

ITALY.

Three battles between the Italians and Austrians have resulted in the total defeat of the former. The last two battles were fought on the plains of Vercelli, with terrible obstinacy. Charles Albert behaved with distinguished bravery, and, when defeat became certain, sought death in every shape.

A flag of truce having been sent to Radetzky's tent, he promptly acceded to an armistice. Charles Albert has abdicated in favor of his son, Victor Emanuel.

The new King pledges himself to conclude a Treaty of Peace, to disband ten military companies of Hungarians, Poles and Lombards, who are received. The Austrians who hold Turin open to them, magnanimously forbore to take advantages which might have provoked the susceptibility of France.

The consequences of this important battle are scarcely yet developed in the different parts of Italy.

Modena, Tuscany, and Rome, will probably change their views, now that all hopes from Piedmont are at an end.

It is generally believed that the Pope will be able to return to Rome.

SICILY.

The French and English mediation has failed to settle the Sicilian question. The Parliament at Palermo had fixed on the 28th to re-commence hostilities.

The enthusiasm of the population at Palermo is described as exceeding all bounds. The members of the highest noblesse of both sexes are working in the trenches. Most people think the Sicilians have had fair terms offered to them, and eventually they must accept them.

GERMANY.

The King of Prussia elected Emperor.

The Frankfort Parliament has finally elected the King of Prussia Emperor of Germany, and a powerful deputation has proceeded to Berlin to tender him the Crown of Charlemagne. At first no one believed that the King would accept the proffered

honor, but now it is believed that he will, with certain conditions, so as to avoid giving offense to the other Potentates of Germany. Should he do so, it is generally believed that it will most certainly involve Prussia in a war with Austria and Russia.—The latter power seems now resolved to put down the revolutionary spirit in Europe, and only wants the opportunity to "let slip the dogs of war."

AUSTRIA.

The War in Hungary.

Of the Hungarian war very little authentic information is known, except that it rages fiercely. Bem had gained some advantage over a body of Russians, but soon found himself overwhelmed with their numbers, and the Emperor will gladly seize upon any pretext to interfere farther. We shall not be at all surprised to hear that the Emperor of Russia, upon the solicitation of the Austrians, brings down a large force to crush the Hungarians. At present there seems no probable termination of this deadly struggle, carried on by both parties in the most barbarous manner.

DENMARK.

War Again.—Advices from Hamburg of the 3d inst. state there is no chance now of the differences between Schleswig Holstein and Denmark being amicably settled, and, no doubt, hostilities will commence to-day or to-morrow. Troops, principally Prussians, are passing continually to the seat of war. The port of Kiel is blockaded. There does not appear to be the least hope that Denmark will yield the Duchies, and as Russia will unquestionably support her pretensions, it is to be hoped that the Germans will be wise enough to yield the point in dispute rather than run the hazard of a disastrous contest.

INDIA.

Another Battle.—Dates from Bombay to the 4th of March state that another battle had been fought near Guzerat between the British and Sikhs forces, in which the latter were defeated, but the details had not been received. From the 6th to the 12th of February, various skirmishes took place, but without any serious encounter. On the 12th the Sikhs retreated toward toward the Chenaub which they were prevented from crossing by the Bombay Division under Gen. Whish. On the following day, the British divisions having effected a junction, Lord Gough succeeded in bringing the enemy to battle in the open field near the City of Guzerat, in which the Sikhs were completely routed, leaving a great portion of the guns and ammunition, as well as their standing camp, in the possession of the conquerors.

Miscellaneous Continental News.

Spain furnishes but little fresh news. The Provençal war continues.

Portugal is quiet.

The Sublime Porte has issued a manifesto declaring that he does not consider the state of Europe such as to require her to increase her forces.

Father Matthew.

The Evening Journal says that there is no certainty that Father Matthew has left Ireland. He is, however, expected very soon, and may be here in time to attend the Temperance Convention in Cincinnati, set down for the 15th of May. But come when he may, he will be received with open arms.

The wages of the operatives at Lowell have, been increased from 20 to 25 per cent. This shows increasing prosperity again, as the wages were lowered some six months ago.

Political.

JACOB COLLAMER.

The new Post-Master General has been the subject of much comment of late, and it may be well for us to examine his title to so high an honor as has been conferred upon him, as well as the qualities which he brings to the discharge of the duties of his delicate and responsible trust.

The Post Office Department needs, for its management, a high order of intellect, united with a clear understanding, untiring industry, and unending integrity. The office-seeker will find it no sinecure, and the people will execrate the one who officially throws obstacles in the way of rapid communication of thought, or needlessly retards the transmission of news. For years past, the Post-Office Department has been eminently conservative in its operations, resisting all progress and improvement. It was only when public sentiment had completely outraged, that a reform was reluctantly made, and the gross abuses which are now connected with it, time, and the indignant voice of the People, will alone remedy. Some of the best managers of the department have been execrated, for faults which exist in the department alone; and others have met with merited rebuke for a thousand little vexations, which mismanagement has caused the whole people.

Mr. Collamer comes into office at a time when the attention of the people is more directed towards the Department than ever before; and his success mainly depends upon whether, in the spirit of enlightened wisdom, he endeavors to correct the gigantic frauds, which, for a long time past, have been connected with it, or whether he will sit down contentedly and suffer things to take their own course.

We may form some conclusions in this matter, by glancing at his past life, and the course he has pursued upon the great subjects which have, from time to time, been before the public. Like most of our greatest men, Judge COLLAMER is self-made, and the station he occupies in society, is one which he has earned by his perseverance, industry and integrity. He had no early advantages of station or wealth, to push his fortune, or even to give him an education, and amidst difficulties and trials which none can appreciate, save those who have experienced them, he graduated at the Vermont University, at Burlington, in 1810. The profession of Law, was the only one at that time, which offered any inducement to superior talent to make itself respected; and to this profession Mr. Collamer devoted himself, and was admitted to the bar, in 1813. He took up his residence in the town of Royalton, upon the banks of White river; one of those clear, beautiful streams, which can be found only among the hills of Vermont.

His devotion to his profession, and commanding eloquence, soon gained him the reputation of being a first-rate lawyer. But reputation did not immediately bring with it money; and the young and ardent lawyer, conscious of his own superior abilities, and disdaining the low, dirty trickery of his profession, saw wealth flow abundantly past his own office into that of a rival, whose only qualifications consisted in being an excellent collector, and conversant with every means of extorting money from indigent debtors, for grasping and heartless creditors.

It was only when he became the leader at the bar, in two counties, and his decided intellectual superiority became acknowledged by all, that he arose above external circumstances, and received that support which is bestowed upon those who are above the want of it.

When Gen. La Fayette visited the State, in 1824, Mr. Collamer was selected by the people of White River valley, to address him; which he did in his usual felicitous manner.

In 1827, Mr. Collamer represented his adopted town, for the third time, in the State Legislature, "and was instrumental in re-modeling the school laws, and fixing them upon an entirely new basis." Although a clamor was raised against this law, which caused its repeal soon after, the fact that the State has lately adopted substantially the same system, shows that he was at least twenty years in advance of public sentiment. By his untiring exertions, he also caused the School Fund so be established for the benefit of posterity.

This consisted of money received for pedler's licences, &c., which was to accumulate until it reached a certain amount, when it was to be used for the benefit of all the children of the State.—His policy was pursued without deviation, until the fund had become large, when it was borrowed by the State to pay for an extravagant State House, which was built, ostensibly to accommodate the legislature from four to eight weeks annually, but really to gratify pride, and permanently to locate the Capital at Montpelier.

A startling commentary upon the wisdom of legislators, who erected a Grecian Temple at the expense of the State which cannot raise her own bread! Mr. Collamer resisted this diversion of the School Fund with his whole influence, and, when it was finally consummated, he predicted it would never be paid. This prediction proved true; for ten years afterwards, the legislature, being controlled entirely by moneyed men, voted to apply the School Fund to pay the debts of the State; thus robbing every child in the State, to pay extravagant expenditures, which, without a high-handed usurpation of power, could only be raised upon taxable property.

In 1829, Mr. Collamer threw the whole weight of his influence in favor of the Temperance movement, which then first began to attract notice; and he has been a firm, consistent friend of the cause ever since. "His rival at the bar, refused his countenance to the movement, and by his intemperance, wrecked one of the strongest minds of which the Green Mountains could boast."

In 1833, Mr. Collamer was elected one of the Supreme Judges of the State, to which office he was yearly re-elected, without opposition, until 1842, when he resigned. During this period, by his own personal influence, and his eloquent speeches upon the subject, he was powerfully instrumental in altering the Constitution of the State, and creating the balancing power of the Senate upon the hasty legislation of the House. No man, in Vermont, was ever more popular as a judge, than Mr. Collamer. His integrity was never questioned, and his promptitude in the despatch of business, his impartial decisions, and his keenness of vision in detecting truth amidst the fog in which it is enveloped by party lawyers, gained him an enviable reputation among all classes of community. In 1843, Judge Collamer was elected to the national Congress, and served three terms, creditably to himself, and satisfactorily to the party which elected him. A writer in the American

Review, says, "His speeches are remarkable for great conciseness, clearness and simplicity of method, as well as for sound logic," which denote qualities of mind rarely found amongst the everyday speakers of Congress.

We seldom find a man of such brilliant talents as a speaker, at the same time possess such unrivalled conversational powers. Perhaps no speaker in the country possesses a happier power of illustration, which, united with a splendid voice, a good command of language, and great concentration of thought, gives him almost unlimited control over the passions of his audience.

We are confident that Judge Collamer will bring to the performance of the duties of his new office, all the clear-sightedness, integrity of purpose, and decision of character, for which he has been distinguished thus far in every station which he has occupied. We hope the new administration has been as fortunate in its selection of other officers, as we believe it has been in that of Post-Master General.

DEMOCRATIC RE-UNION.

The following resolutions are the basis of the late re-union of the Democratic party in Wisconsin:

Resolved, That while we will faithfully adhere to all the compromises of the Constitution, and maintain all the reserved rights of the States, we declare, since the crisis has arrived when that question must be met, our uncompromising hostility to the extension of Slavery into any territory of the United States, which is now free.

Resolved, That in organizing governments for New Mexico and California, the introduction and existence of Slavery in those territories should be positively prohibited by act of Congress.

Resolved, That there should be no more Slave States admitted into the Federal Government.

Resolved, That all national laws recognizing or sustaining Slavery or the Slave trade in the District of Columbia, or any other place under control of the Federal Government ought to be immediately repealed.

Resolved, That the public lands should be granted to actual settlers, in limited quantities, at the cost of the survey and transfer; and that a limit ought to be placed to the quantity of land which shall be hereafter acquired and held by any person at any one time.

Resolved, That we demand cheap postage, a retrenchment of the expenses of the National Government, the abolition of all unnecessary offices and salaries, and the election by the people of all officers in the service of the Government so far as the same may be practicable.

Resolved, That Congress has the Constitutional power and ought to make appropriations from the National Treasury for River and Harbor Improvements, to facilitate and protect commerce between the several States and foreign nations, such appropriations to be governed by a sound discretion and a due regard for the national welfare.

Resolved, That we approve the principle of free and unrestricted trade, and believe that the most fair and equal mode of raising the revenue necessary to defray the expenses of the Government is a direct tax upon property, and will demand its adoption by our Government as soon as practicable.

Resolved, That we are opposed to the creation of a National Bank by Congress, and believe that the fiscal affairs of Government, both State and National, should be kept entirely separate from Banks and Banking Associations, and its revenues should be collected and disbursed by responsible agents of the Government, through the Independent Treasury.

Resolved, That we are in favor of a liberal exemption of real and personal property from forced sale on execution, believing it both just and humane.

Resolved, That we are in favor of equal and impartial suffrage.

Opinions of the Press.

We subjoin a few notices which have met our eye, for the purpose of indicating the manner in which our enterprise is regarded by the press.—For the courtesy they have shown us, they will please accept our thanks.

From the Syracuse Journal.

THE LITERARY UNION.—The second number of this well printed and well filled publication, is upon our table. It is in the hands of intelligent and persevering men, and cannot fail to succeed. The extracts are varied, in good taste, and of an elevated tone. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. W. Winchell, and James Johonnot, Editors.

From the Onondaga Standard.

LITERARY UNION.—This city is truly becoming the storehouse of newspapers!—two new ones having ushered into being on Saturday last. One we have noticed in another place, and now we have to mention "*The Literary Union*," a publication altogether different in character from its cotemporary.

Although the name of this new claimant to public favor, would import that it was to be exclusively literary, we see by the Introductory and Prospectus that it is designed to be also reformatory in its tendencies, and to act independently, and discuss boldly, all the great moral questions which agitate society in this progressive age. This position we like, and hope to see it maintained with unflinching firmness.

The Union is published on a royal quarto sheet, each No. containing 16 pages, at \$2 per annum, invariably in advance. W. W. Newman, Proprietor; J. M. Winchell and James Johonnot, Editors.

From the Onondaga Democrat.

THE LITERARY UNION.—This is the title of a new weekly literary paper, the first No. of which was issued, in this city, March 24th, by W. W. Newman, Proprietor. J. M. Winchell and James Johonnot, Editors. We believe that an ably conducted literary paper—one that would compare with the *Literary American*, and others now published in the eastern cities, in its contents and Typographical execution, would be liberally supported in this city and county. We hope the proprietor of the *Literary Union* will try and make such a paper. The best matter of the present number is from *Chambers' Journal*. There is some good reading matter in the paper. It promises to be independent in its views.

Palmer is the Agent. Terms \$2 a year.

From the Syracuse Revue.

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a new literary weekly paper just commenced in this city by W. W. Newman, Proprietor—J. M. Winchell and James Johonnot, Editors. It is published in Royal Quarto form, and makes a very handsome appearance. The matter, both original and selected, is excellent. It is designed to be an Independent paper, speaking on all the great questions of Reform. The Editors are young gentlemen possessing a high order of talent, and are capable of making up a paper of great value to the people. Such a paper is needed in Western New York; therefore, we hope the *Literary Union* will receive that support which it so richly merits.

Terms, \$2. Palmer, Agent.

From the Impartial Citizen, (Syracuse.)

THE LITERARY UNION, is the title of a newspaper published in this city, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and J. Johonnot. The Union is both a literary and a reformatory paper. It is published weekly, on

a royal quarto sheet containing 16 pages, at \$2 a year, in advance.

We rejoice at this accession to our city periodical literature. The Union will, doubtless, serve good purposes. Its leading articles are able and instructive. Its typographical execution bespeaks the professional tact and talent of Messrs. Agan & Summers, the printers.

From the Syracuse Central City.

We have received the second number of the *Literary Union*, published in this city by W. W. Newman, and edited by Messrs. Johonnot and Winchell. All of these gentlemen, we believe, are engaged in the public schools of this city, and are favorably known both as teachers and gentlemen of literary taste and attainments. We hope it will not be deemed unkind in us when we say that the success of the paper is extremely doubtful. The field is pre-occupied by journals published in the eastern cities of established reputation and circulation. We believe it is not far from the truth to say that ninety-nine out of every hundred attempts to publish literary journals in the country, prove utter failures. Nothing would gratify us more than to see the *Literary Union* an exception.

From the Aurora Borealis, (Boston.)

The Literary Union, Syracuse, N. Y., a very neat quarto form, sixteen large pages, W. W. Newman, Proprietor; Winchell & Johonnot, Editors. I wish them all success in their arduous undertaking; no better fun out than starting news and literary papers.

From the Troy Post.

THE LITERARY UNION is the title of a new weekly paper just commenced in Syracuse. It is published in Royal Quarto form, by W. W. Newman, and edited by J. M. Winchell and Jas. Johonnot. It is neatly printed and filled with useful and interesting matter. Its Proprietor and Editors are young men of talents and thorough education. We know them to be capable of making a good paper, and they have given a good earnest that they will do it, in the number before us.

Speaking of Syracuse newspapers, the Albany Evening Journal says:

To these we add "*The Literary Union*," the first number of which is before us, in handsome quarto, issued weekly, by W. W. Newman, proprietor, and J. M. Winchell and Jas. Johonnot, editors. It professes to be "independent in everything," and evinces industry and capacity.

From the "Excelsior," (Boston.)

LITERARY UNION.—This is the name of a new candidate for favor from the public, published at Syracuse, and got up in very attractive style. It is ably conducted, well-filled, and guarantees a high tone of sentiment. From the specimen number, we should think it would become immensely popular.

From the Literary American, (N. Y.)

THE LITERARY UNION.—We have received the first number of a very neat weekly paper, bearing the above title, from Syracuse, N. Y., which, so far as our knowledge extends, bears the palm from all the various journals in the west of our State. Its form, title and arrangements, remind us of our own appearance, prior to our enlargement. It is edited with ability by Messrs. Winchell and Johonnot, and promises to be a valuable addition to our periodical literature.

From the N. Y. Organ.

NEW PAPER.—The *Literary Union* is the title of a new paper at Syracuse, edited by J. M. Winchell and James Johonnot. It is a good looking sheet, and gives decided evidence of taste and good judgment.

Prospectus of Littell's Living Age.

This work is conducted in the spirit of *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen political Commentaries, his highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase the variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

While we aspire to make the *Living Age* desirable to all who wish to keep themselves informed of the rapid progress of the movement—to Statesmen, Divines, Lawyers, and Physicians—to men of business and men of leisure—it is still a stronger object to make it attractive and useful to their Wives and Children. We believe that we can thus do some good in our day and generation; and hope to make the work indispensable in every well-informed family. We say *indispensable*, because in this day of cheap literature it is not possible to guard against the influx of what is bad in taste and vicious in morals, in any other way than by furnishing a sufficient supply of a healthy character. The mental and moral appetite must be gratified.

We hope that, by "*winnowing the wheat from the chaff*," by providing abundantly for the imagination, and by a large collection of Biography, Voyages and Travels, History, and more solid matter, we may produce a work which shall be popular, while at the same time it will aspire to raise the standard of public taste.

E. LITTELL & Co., Publishers, 165 Tremont street, Boston. Terms, \$6 per year—published weekly.

PROSPECTUS OF THE LITERARY UNION.

The great idea which will pervade this Journal, is PROGRESS.

Beyond the ordinary, though indispensable intelligence of the day, the Public has wants which our newspapers do not supply. The pretty listings of juvenile tale-writers, and poetical misses in teens, on the one hand, and tissues of false sentiment and vicious narrative miscalled "Cheap Literature," on the other, are made to satisfy the keen appetite for knowledge created by our Free Institutions. But how will the boast that ours is a reading people recoil upon our own heads, if their reading be such as will corrupt the morals and enervate the mind!

To furnish the Public with the choicest fruits of intellectual exertion, shall be our effort; to wean its taste from a false and demoralizing Literature, our high aim. We shall labor specially to elevate the rising generation; the "Young America," so soon to wield the destinies of the first nation on earth.

In thus advancing the great interests of a National Literature, we shall be aided by numbers of our best writers. The Farmer, the Mechanic and the Teacher, will each find his vocation elevated by the aid of their special handmaid, Science. The Fine Arts will be prominently noticed. The learned Professions, with the great principles of Religion and Politics, will receive the attention they deserve. In each of these departments, practical men will devote time and labor to the enterprise.

We would fit our paper particularly for the Domestic Circle. Poetry of the first order—gems of History, Biography and Fiction—the cream of general news, with a rigid analysis of its correctness and tendencies—these, all seasoned with a sprinkling of Humor, we hope to make productive of equal pleasure and improvement.

To our country-women, we would say, that we regard their sex as the great instructors of the race, and shall strive with all our energies, to assist them in this work. While we would not have them emulate the madness of their *soi-disant* lords, in the battle field or in the broils of the Senate-house, we would encourage their aspirations to every attribute of intelligence and refinement.

Though bold, our enterprise cannot be presumptuous; for we trust not to any innate and unusual ability of our own, but to the potent influence of the spirit of Progress, whose servant we would be, and to the aid promised us by persons of eminent ability. And with this encouragement, have we resolved to launch our bark upon the sea of Journalism, and await such breezes as it may please Heaven and a liberal people to send us.

TERMS, &c.

THE LITERARY UNION will be issued each Saturday, commencing April 7th, in Royal Quarto form; each No. containing sixteen pages. The mechanical execution will be unsurpassed.

TERMS.—\$2.00 a year, invariably in advance. Publication Office, at the News Room of W. L. Palmer, No. 2, Salina St., Syracuse, N. Y.

W. W. NEWMAN,
PROPRIETOR.

A HOUSE AND LOT TO SELL OR EXCHANGE.

THE proprietor of a desirable property in LOCKPORT, N. Y., wishes, on account of business connections, to remove to Syracuse, and offers his residence in the former place for sale, or in exchange for similar property in Syracuse, or a small FARM near the city. The location is elevated and pleasant, with a spacious and well built House, a Barn, Well Cistern, Fruit and Shade Trees; the whole in complete repair, and will rent for \$150 per annum. Immediate possession given. Enquire of J. M. WINCHELL, At Palmer's News Room.

April 21, 1849.

TREES! TREES!!

THE subscriber offers for sale this Spring 30,000 thrifty and well formed FRUIT TREES from 7 to 10 feet high, which are unusually large and fine. Persons wishing EXTRA SIZED TREES are invited to call at my Nursery, (a few rods west of A. Thorp's on the Geddes road,) and make a selection. H. P. PENNIMAN.

Syracuse, April 3, 1845.

MORDAUNT HALL, on a September Night, by the author of "Amelia Wyndham," "Angelia," &c. at HALL'S, Salina Street.

April 20.

British Periodical Literature.

Republication of The London Quarterly Review, The Edinburgh Review, The North British Review, The Westminster Review, and Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

THE Wide spread fame of these splendid Periodicals renders it needless to say much in their praise. As literary organs, they stand far in advance of any works of a similar stamp now published, while the political complexion of each is marked with a dignity, candor and forbearance, not often found in works of a party character.

They embrace the views of the three great parties in England—Tory, Whig and Radical—"Blackwood" and the "London Quarterly" are Tory; the "Edinburgh Review" Whig; and the "Westminster Review" Radical. The "North British Review" is more of a religious character, having been originally edited by Dr. Chalmers, and now, since his death, being conducted by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, associated with Sir David Brewster. Its literary character is of the very highest order. The "Westminster," though reprinted under that title only, is published in England under the title of the "Foreign Quarterly and Westminster," it being in fact a union of the two Reviews formerly published and reprinted under separate titles. It has, therefore, the advantage by this combination, of uniting in one work the best features of both as heretofore issued.

The above Periodicals are reprinted in New York, immediately on their arrival by the British steamers, in a beautiful clear type, on fine white paper, and are faithful copies of the originals, Blackwood's Magazine being an exact fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition.

TERMS.

For any one of the four Reviews,	\$3 per annum
For any two, do.	5 "
For any three, do.	7 "
For all four of the Reviews,	8 "
For Blackwood's Magazine,	3 "
For Blackwood and three Reviews,	9 "
For Blackwood and the four Reviews,	10 "

Payments to be made in all cases in advance.

CLUBBING.

Four copies of any or all of the above works will be sent to one address on payment of the regular subscription for three—the fourth copy being gratis.

EARLY COPIES.

Our late arrangement with the British publishers of Blackwood's Magazine, secures to us early sheets of that work, by which we are enabled to place the entire number in the hands of subscribers before any portion of it can be reprinted in any of the American Journals. For this and other advantages secured to our subscribers, we pay so large a consideration, that we may be compelled to raise the price of the Magazine.

Something may therefore be gained by subscribing early.

Remittances and communications should be always addressed, post-paid or franked, to the Publishers.

LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,
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MUSIC STORE.

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Syracuse, April 12, 1849.

L. W. HALL,

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Has constantly on hand a general assortment of

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and other School Apparatus,

Which he Sells, WHOLESALE & RETAIL, on the best Terms, to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c.

The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine our Stock. April 12, '49.

Syracuse Markets, April 21.

FLOUR AND MEAL.		PROVISIONS.	
Flour per bbl	\$5 62½	Pork bbl	14 00
Meal " lb	1 1-4	do per cwt.	8 00
Feed " bushel	10a16	Beef Mess bbl	12 00
" fine "	28	Beefprime bbl	8 00
Buckwheat flour cwt	\$2 00	do per cwt.	4 00
GRAIN.		HAMS.	
Wheat per bu	1 12	Shoulders lb	4a5
Corn "	47	Lard lb	9a½
Rye "	50	Butter lb	14a15
Barley "	44	Eggs doz	9a10
Oats "	25a26	Turkeys lb	6
Buckwheat "	38	Chickens lb	6a7
FRUIT.		GEES.	
Apples, dried, bu	622	Geese each	17a20
Pears, dried, bu	100	Ducks each	14a16
Peaches, dried, lb	12½	VEGETABLES.	
Plums, dried, lb	10a12½	Potatoes bu	44
Quinces, dried, lb	10a12½	Turnips bu	30
WOOL.		Onions bu	44
Fine Fleece per lb	31	Beans bu	38a37½
Common "	20a24	Peas "	50a75
Pulled "	20a28	SEEDS.	
Sheep skins each	44a58	Clover per bu	\$4 00
Lamb "	30a60	Timothy "	2 00
SALT.		Flax "	87½
Solar per bbl	\$1 75	Hay per ton	\$7a9
Fine "	81a88	WOOD.	
Dairy per Sack	10a12c	Hard per cord	3 00
Salt Barrels,	21	Soft "	1 50

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Have constantly on hand a general assortment of School & Library Books, Maps, Globes, and other School Apparatus, Which they Sell WHOLESALE & RETAIL, on the best of Terms to Merchants, Teachers, Trustees, &c. * * The Friends of Education are respectfully invited to examine our Stock. March 24, '49.

THE SYRACUSE NURSERIES.

THE subscribers having entered into partnership in the nursery business under the above entitled firm, have now ready for sale a very extensive stock of the most valuable kinds of Fruit Trees, embracing most of the standard varieties (including those most highly approved and specially recommended by the late Pomological Conventions at New York and Buffalo) which in vigor, thriftiness, and symmetry of growth are not excelled by the productions of any other nursery in the State. Having more than forty acres now chiefly devoted to the cultivation of Fruit Trees, they are prepared to sell at Wholesale as largely, at prices as low, and on terms as reasonable, as any other nursery establishment here or elsewhere. The superior quality of their trees must continue to recommend them to amateurs, who desire to unite ornament with utility, and to orchardists whose chief aim is to obtain such only as are healthy and vigorous.

They have also a large supply of Ornamental Trees, and several thousands Seedling Horse Chestnuts, at very moderate prices.

Orders will be promptly attended to, and trees packed safely for transportation to any distance.

Catalogues furnished gratis to all post paid applications, and they may also be obtained, and orders left, at the Store of M. W. Hanchet, between the Rail Road and Syracuse House.

Syracuse, Feb. 4th, 1849. ALANSON THORP,
WM. B. SMITH,
J. C. HANCHET.

SYRACUSE AND VICINITY

AGENCY for the Foreign Reprints of Leonard Scott & Co., of N. Y. W. L. PALMER, of Palmer's News Room, Syracuse, will furnish the following, viz:—The London Quarterly Review, the Edinburgh Review, the Westminster Review, the North British Review, and Blackwood's Magazine, Monthly.

TERMS.—For one Review, \$3 a year; for two, \$5; for three, \$7; for the four, \$8; Blackwood's Magazine, \$3; Blackwood and the four Reviews, \$10. The above list combined forms a most valuable assortment of solid readings and should be in the possession of every one.

Back numbers furnished when desired. March 1, 1849.

PAPER HANGINGS!!

SPRING PATTERNS!!!

WYNKOOP & BROTHER are now receiving a large assortment of PAPER HANGINGS, BORDERS, FIRE BOARD PRINTS and WINDOW CURTAIN PAPERS.

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MEMOIRS OF MY YOUTH, or Confidential Disclosures, by Lamartine. For sale at HALL'S Bookstore. April 20.